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Saturday Review

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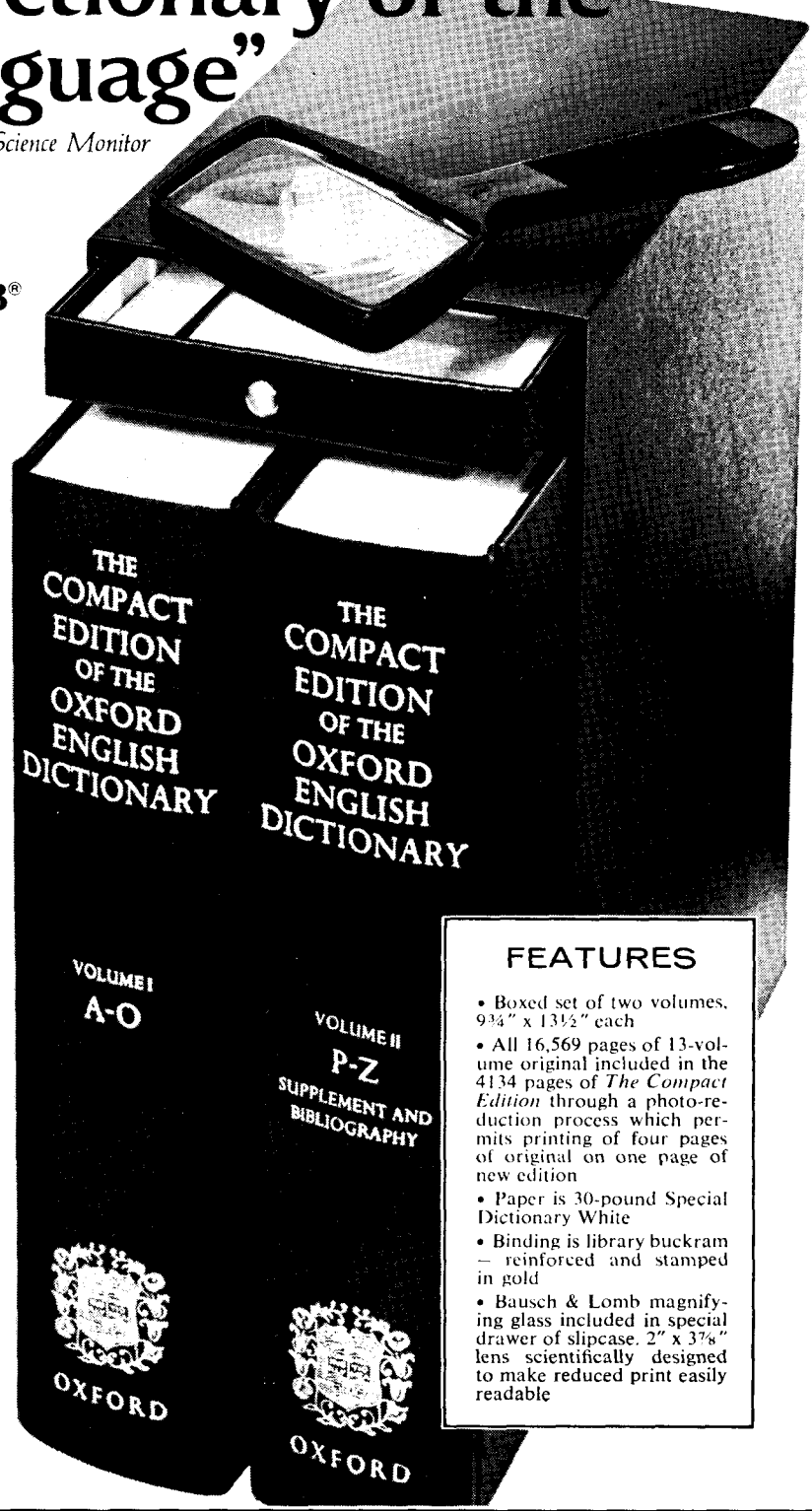

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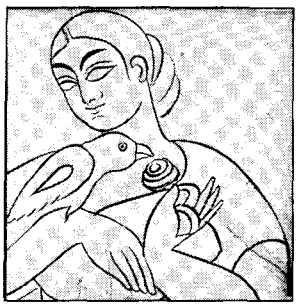

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The U.S. and the U.N.

The resignation of Daniel Patrick Moynihan as American Ambassador to the United Nations has triggered a major debate over the wrong question.

The question is not whether Mr. Moynihan's personal style was unsuited to the job of representing the American people in one of the highest diplomatic posts in the world. Nor is the question whether the State Department failed to back him up in his head-on approach to the Third World at the U.N.

The question is whether the U.N. can survive and what the United States can do to help.

From the start, the principal weakness of the U.N. has been the attitude of its members. Many of the world's governments, including the United States, have tended to regard the U.N. as a necessary evil, something to be suffered only because their people demand it. Former Secretary of State Dean Acheson candidly admitted that the U.N. was merely an adjunct to U.S. policy. He strenuously opposed any efforts to give the U.N. effective authority to resolve disputes. He was not alone, of course. Most government leaders on this misguided, fragile, and combustible planet have held the same view.

Statesmen cry "peace, peace," but there is no peace because they will not accept the slightest restraint on their ability to roam and fend at will in the world or to do anything they conceive to be in their own national interest, even though what they are doing may be contrary to every known canon of justice and decency.

How many of the nations, for example, that voted for the outrageous Arab-sponsored resolution equating Zionism with racism really believed that charge? T. T. Koh, Ambassador from Singapore to the U.N., gave the answer when he said that many of the nations knew it to be a lie but were fearful of antagonizing their oil suppliers or were anticipating the need to get Arab bloc support for their own resolutions. He observed that almost everyone in the General Assembly is a Zionist in the sense that Zionism is nothing more than the assertion of nationalism, or the love of one's homeland. In any case, Ambassador Koh lamented the absence of objective criteria and logic in the General Assembly's consideration of basic issues. He continues to hope, however, that the collective wisdom of humankind will find an effective outlet in the United Nations.

If these hopes are to materialize, the General Assembly's duties and authority will have to be codified. Here, we are confronted with a structural problem. However egalitarian the one-nation, one-vote method of representation may seem in theory, what happens in practice is that the General Assembly is the victim of its disproportions. There is nothing democratic about a structure that enables, say, three nations with a combined population of 3 million to have three times the voting strength of a nation with a population of 200 million.

These disparities have kept the General Assembly from becoming the source of world law and, indeed, have converted that body into an arena for magnifying the world's troubles.

Just as serious as the structural flaws has been the generally accepted notion that the U.N. can never rise above the world as it is. But the world, as it is, is too dangerous to be tolerable. Therefore, the purpose of the U.N. should be, not to reflect world differences, but to transcend them, moderate them, de-fuse them. The only real justification for a world organization lies in its ability to do that which the individual nations cannot do for themselves.

The U.N. today places its emphasis, not on principles of peace and justice among nations, but on the ability of nations to retain absolute, unfettered sovereignty and complete freedom of action in the world arena. Thus, the U.N. is blocked from becoming greater than the sum of its parts. It is an extension of the international anarchy it was ostensibly designed to replace.

Despite all this, nothing could be more irresponsible or dangerous than for the United States to turn away from the U.N. The world cannot meet its collective problems without a world order.

In moving toward such a world order, the United States can become a powerful rallying center for a workable U.N. We should be the champion for a world organization adequate to meet the common dangers and common needs of the world's peoples.

We will best strengthen our position in the U.N. and in the world when we become fully committed to the regeneration and full development of the U.N. as a functioning mechanism of world law.

The United Nations cannot survive as a cockpit in which to choose up sides or to trade insults and abuse. It must be vested with objective standards for establishing justice in the relations among nations. Most important of all, it must represent peoples, not just governments.

This is the overriding need in the years ahead. By summoning people to the protection of their common estate, the United States can do honor to its own history. The United Nations can be saved. It can be made to work. This is the basic challenge to American foreign policy. N.C.

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Letters From Readers

Protein From Peanuts

Anthony Wolff calls attention to the use of soybeans via a soybean elixir as a high-protein base for a variety of food substitutes, thus creating a cheap protein-rich food for consumption by the poor inhabitants of our planet (*World Progress Report*, January 24).

There is yet another food substitute available that Mr. Wolff failed to mention, namely "Peanut Flakes," a derivative of peanuts that has been patented by a Dr. Mitchell of Clemson University, and licensed to a newly formed, highly dynamic company, The World Protein Corporation.

Peanut Flakes are about 60 percent protein and do not affect the taste of foods that they are added to. A great deal of excitement has been generated over this product in the South, where farmers are currently being paid by the U.S. government not to market peanuts.

The invention of Peanut Flakes is seen as an effective way to use a surplus product in satisfying the world's demand for more protein-rich food products. Naturally, many companies are interested in this new use of the peanut, which promises to become as exciting as George Washington Carver's discovery of hundreds of uses of this plant.

Martin Leventhal
Plainview, N.Y.

American Architecture Applauded

Belated congratulations on your Bicentennial issue, the one Bicentennial product I have so far found satisfying.

I am concerned about the architecture article by William Marlin ("Architecture," December 13), because I find it an incomplete essay on the skyscraper and the urban landscape.

There is so much more that America has contributed to architecture, for good or bad—the house on the prairie, the new town, suburbia, and so forth. America, even its cities, is much more than skyscrapers by ex-Europeans, and in spite of the implication of the article, European cities are not necessarily reflecting our urban tragedies.

Kenneth Hopkins
Director, State Capitol Museum
Olympia, Wash.

An Optimistic Voice

. . . *Saturday Review*'s special issue was very interesting (*America's Impact on the World*, December 13). I must confess, however, that I have been unable to find any reference to ideas which are uniquely American: spiritual values such as generosity, compassion, charitableness, love, friendliness, or brotherliness.

It is my conviction that we do not need to arm ourselves—and others—to the teeth, for we have weapons that no other country has ever used as effectively as has America. No other country has ever launched such a massive benevolent drive to feed and clothe war-devastated areas in Europe. CARE and individuals have saved more lives from hunger and despair than so-called preventive war has. I have known of individuals who have gone without lunch in order to use that money to pay for parcels to be sent to someone unknown and less fortunate than they. I know of no other country where this would have been done—for themselves, yes, but not for strangers. The massive response to the call for help is indicative of the tremendous reserve of good in the people of America. This reserve of good appears to be untapped today and yet needs only the spark of inspiration to launch a massive drive to feed the hungry of the world. It is my conviction that such a spark would electrify our young people, who appear to be disillusioned and lack the inspiration to fire their innate desire to do something constructive. . . .

Maja J. Geck
Washington, D. C.

Confusing Imagery

While reading Peter Ustinov's essay ("America the Paradoxical," December 13), I found that my attention returned again and again to his phrase in the first paragraph describing Daniel P. Moynihan, "his lips pursued in moral rectitude." On my first reading I dismissed this as an *SR* proof goof, but the images conjured by both the printed word and the word I assumed was intended kept cropping up between the lines as I read on. *SR* proof goofs are uncommon, as are clumsy non-sequiturs in Mr. Ustinov's writing. His craftsmanship here is impeccable. . . . And, considering the glimpses of Mr. Moynihan's performances I've seen on the news, the image of his lips proceeding along in moral uprightness is curiously apt, whether intended or not. . . . So I have to ask, which word was intended, *pursued* or *pursed*?

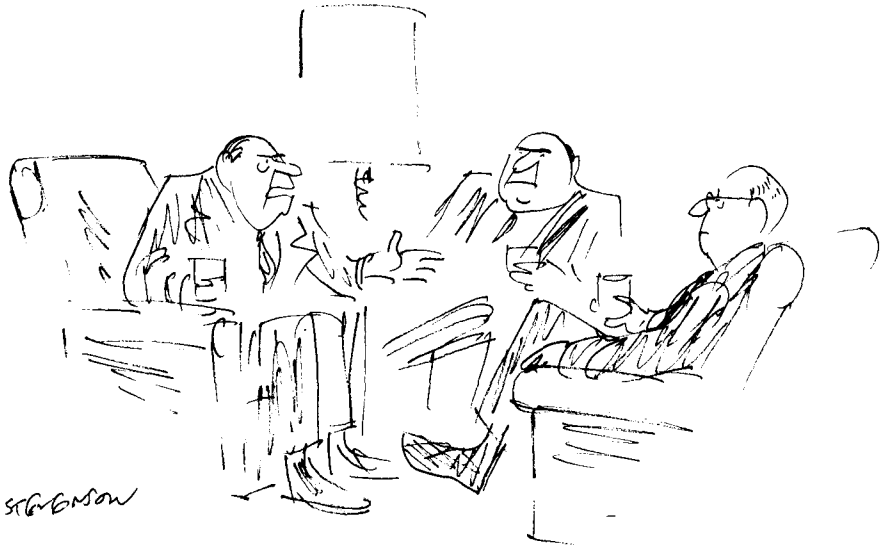
Beverly Trupe
Whittier, Calif.

Editor's Note: Our proofreaders' lips are *pursed* in chagrin.

Marred Masterpiece

I find two minor flaws in Henry Steele Commager's splendid Bicentennial essay ("The Revolution as a World Ideal," December 13). First, our Founding Fathers did not declare "that all government derives its powers from the consent of the governed"; they specified that governments derive their "just powers from the consent of the governed." They knew that power may be unjustly usurped. Tyranny never asked consent. Second, they were not "so romantic as to write guarantees of happiness into their Constitution"; they sought to guarantee merely "the pursuit of happiness," not the attainment of it.

Martin Shockley
North Texas State University
Denton, Tex.



"The trouble with centrists is they're too damn far to the left."

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World Progress Report

Country Doctors

The chronic supply-and-demand problem in American medicine is not so much that there aren't enough doctors, but that the doctors are not always in the right places. Preferring the sophisticated lifestyle, professional stimulation, and lucrative practice of the big cities or their suburbs, doctors tend to cluster in redundant profusion in and around the nation's urban centers. By the same token, an increasing number of rural areas and small towns find themselves without any resident physician at all. Many others must settle at best for an overworked and aging doctor too long out of medical school.

In an effort to provide first-rate first aid in the boondocks, a group including doctors from the University of Utah Medical School has recently established an innovative non-profit corporation called the Health Systems Research Institute. HSRI's "patients" are rural counties that have been abandoned or bypassed by private practitioners. The client counties provide HSRI with the necessary buildings and equipment for a hospital or clinic. The institute staffs the facility with doctors, nurses, and support staff. HSRI recruits, screens, and makes contracts with all personnel, paying their salaries out of its fee from the county, which receives all the money collected from patients.

So far the new system supports three hospitals and 11 clinics serving outback areas of five Western states. Inquiries about setting up similar systems have been received from dozens of other rural counties desperate for doctors. And even at salaries ranging from $40,000 to $60,000 a year—far less than a big-city practice affords—the institute has had little trouble recruiting doctors to work in the sticks. In addition to their salaries and the advantage of pleasant, bucolic surroundings, the doctors are assured generous vacations, annual time off to brush up on their medical training, and other benefits—including free malpractice insurance.

Meanwhile, in a broader attack on the maldistribution of medical services, the Robert Wood Johnson Foundation has undertaken a $14 million project to set up medical groups in communities with populations ranging from 6,000 to 20,000 and with no larger town within 15 miles. Coordinated by the University of North Carolina School of Medicine, the project will underwrite the salaries of the groups for the initial few years of practice before they become self-supporting. The medical groups will consist of an administrator and from one to three physicians trained in the primary-care fields—family medicine, internal medicine, and pediatrics—seconded by nurse practitioners or physicians' assistants. According to the foundation's plan, the group practice will relieve the professional isolation and overwork that make rural practice unattractive to most doctors.

"I didn't get in touch with the Universal Mind, but I did contact his local representative."

Black and White

According to a recent survey by the Institute for Social Research at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor, Americans in the last decade have begun to see the world more clearly while becoming more color-blind. Compared with 10 years ago, the survey reports, fewer white Americans feel that they are living in an all-white society, and fewer are convinced that America would be better all white.

Closer to home, the proportion of whites who see themselves living in all-white neighborhoods has dropped from 80 percent in 1964 to 61 percent 10 years later. Meanwhile, 87 percent of the whites in the survey agreed with the idea that blacks should have the right to move into any neighborhood they can afford. Ten years ago, according to the Michigan researchers, only 65 percent of whites professed such a good-neighbor policy.

However, the survey also showed that slightly fewer than half the whites thought that the federal government should "see to it that black people get fair treatment in jobs." Also, fewer whites now than 10 years ago believe that the government should enforce school-desegregation laws.

Industrial Democracy

Although Swedish industrial workers are apparently well satisfied with their conditions—Sweden suffers only 5 to 10 percent of the American rate of workdays lost to strikes—their government has proposed yet another step toward "industrial democracy." Under a new plan that is expected to pass the Swedish Parliament, workers will have a say in virtually all business decisions that have traditionally been the business of their bosses. On all "major questions," says the law, including everything from wages to prices to mergers and appointments of directors, the corporation is required to "negotiate" with the workers. The new law does not specify what happens if the negotiations break down.

ANTHONY WOLFF

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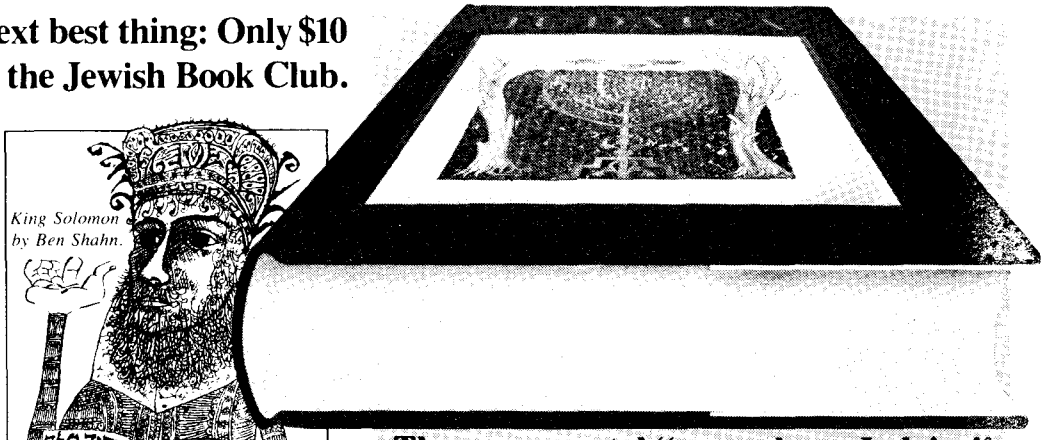

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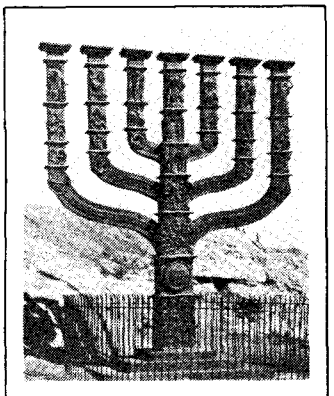

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Top of My Head

by Goodman Ace

Hippocratic Advertising

There are indications that the Federal Trade Commission and the Justice Department are considering giving doctors permission to advertise. Why not? For example:

Clearance Sale

Forced to sell last winter's flu shots in order to make room in our refrigerator. Fifty percent off. Only one shot to patients as long as they last. Come early. Forewarned is forearmed. Or in any other choice part of your anatomy.

Blood Tested While You Wait

Have you ever worried about your blood which the doctor has just extracted from your arm for testing and sent in a cold taxi to some lab across town, Lord knows where? Have you worried what happens to your blood after the testing?

No such problem here. We have a lab in our office that tests blood while it's hot. On request, we will return free the unused portion of your blood to the vein from which it was taken.

No Tedious Waiting

Are you sick and tired of waiting to get in to see your doctor after you've gotten there promptly for your 9 o'clock appointment and he finally invites you into his office at 12:30? None of that boring waiting in my office, which is equipped with a large screen and movie projector for your entertainment while you wait.

MOVIE SCHEDULE THIS WEEK: Monday, John Wayne; Tuesday, Doris Day with Rock Hudson; Wednesday, Doris Day with James Garner; Thursday, Ingrid Bergman with Cary Grant; Friday, Ingrid without Cary Grant.

If you are not a movie buff, our office is equipped with a large-screen color TV set that shows re-runs of Howard Cosell's recent Variety Programs. If you think you're suffering now, wait till you see those.

Fire Sale

Specialist in burns.

Two for One Sale

This month only. Half-price tonsillectomy operation. After one tonsil is removed, there will be no charge for snipping out the other. Also eye examinations, one free. Removing wax from both ears at the price of one. Also two ear piercings at the sale price. Painless. No ear-piercing screams.

Free Delivery

If I deliver your next baby, there will be no charge if you sign a paper agreeing that I will be your newborn infant's physician for life, or at an age when it is able to make decisions. Whichever comes first.

Knowing What Makes You Tick Can Make You Sick

Does your psychiatrist dig so deep that you are encouraged to lay out your id on his table so you see up close the sleazy causes of your aberrations? This can upset your stomach. It does mine.

Try my new and improved psychiatry. I don't delve, pry, or CIA into your messy childhood love life.

My treatment can lead to many hours and years of happy psychoanalysis without impairing your health.

Three couches . . . No waiting . . . (One couch deeply concaved and electrically warmed if you're more comfortable lying in the fetus position. Ten dollars extra.)

Medicine Can Be Fun

When you go to your doctor's office, are you filled with fear and apprehension? You won't be in our office, because besides being a man of medicine I am also a gifted, funny storyteller. Although I don't humor your ailments, I use humor to make your visits something to look forward to. Like the story about the millionaire who told his clergyman that despite all his big contributions to the church he was still worried whether he would eventually go to heaven or to hell.

"Since you are closer to Him than I am," he said, "could you pray for some signal as to where I will end up?"

The clergyman said he would try. In a few days he phoned the man and said, "Well, I have some good news for you and some bad news. The good news is that you will go to heaven."

"Wonderful," said the man. "But what's the bad news?"

"The bad news is can you be ready Thursday?"

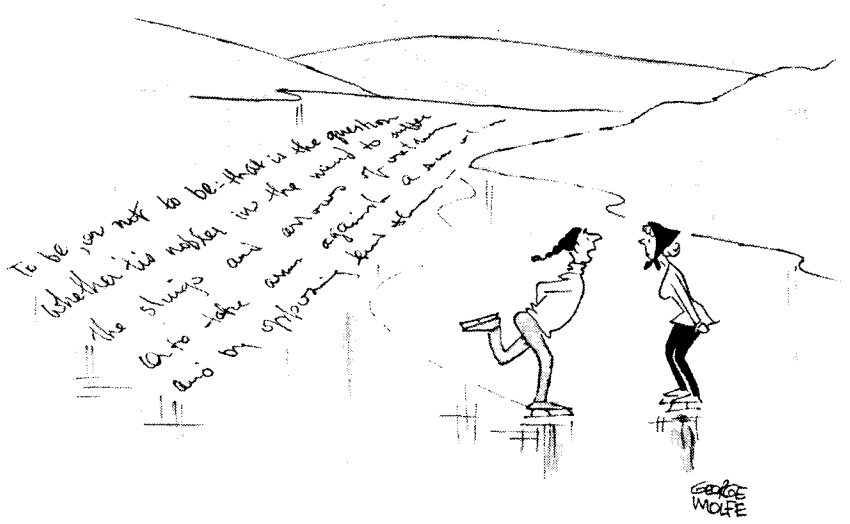
The Non-Ad

This is not an ad for a doctor's services. It's to set the record straight. I am the one out of five doctors who disagrees, especially on doctors advertising cut-rate operations. It is unseemly, unwise, undignified, and too costly.

In 40 years my practice has flourished, not through advertising, but through my patients recommending me to other sick people. I am proud of their faith in me and thank heaven for my ability to save so many lives, not through ads, but through their mouth-to-mouth advertising. Specialist in resuscitation.

Personal

Young paramedic (age 24, five feet six and a half) wants to meet liberated, attractive sick girl patient (age 18 to 20). Have warm stethoscope and highly rated bedside manner. House calls. □



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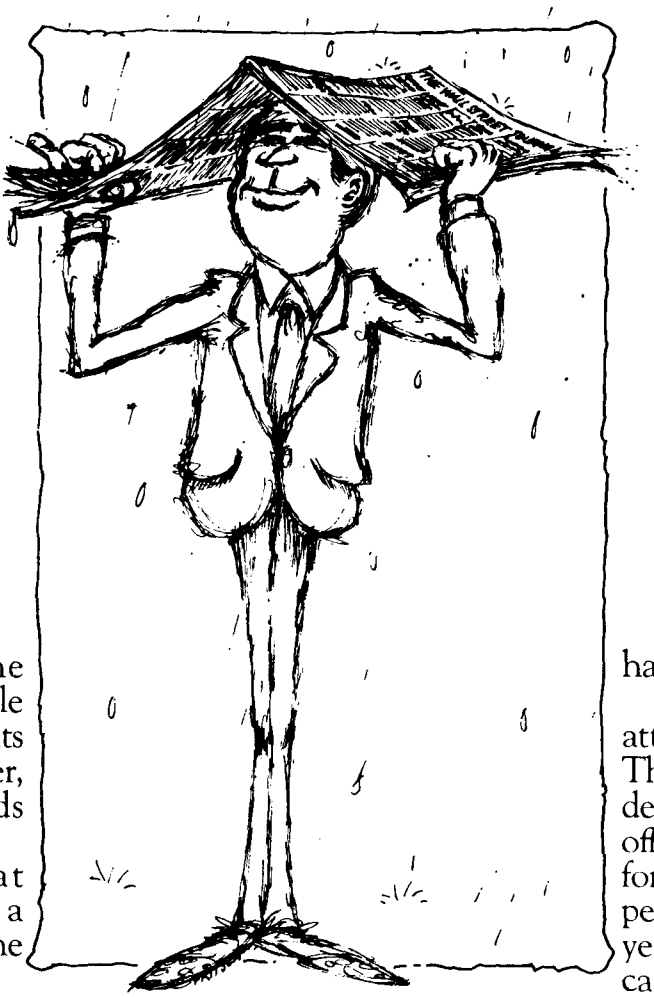

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Away With Big-Time Athletics

by Roger M. Williams

At their mid-January annual meeting, members of the National Collegiate Athletic Association were locked in anguished discussion over twin threats to big-time college athletic programs: rapidly rising costs and federal regulations forcing the allocation of some funds to women's competition. The members ignored, as they always have, the basic issue concerning intercollegiate athletics. That is the need to overhaul the entire bloated, hypocritical athletic system and return athletics to a sensible place in the educational process.

A complete overhaul of the athletic programs, not the fiscal repair now being attempted by the NCAA, is what is necessary. For decades now big-time football, and to a lesser degree basketball, have commanded absurdly high priorities at our colleges and universities. Football stands at the center of the big-time system, both symbolically and financially; the income from football has long supported other, less glamorous sports.

Many American universities are known more for the teams they field than for the education they impart. Each year they pour hundreds of thousands of dollars apiece into athletic programs whose success is measured in games won and dollars earned—standards that bear no relation to the business of education and offer nothing to the vast majority of students.

The waste of resources is not the only lamentable result of the overemphasis of intercollegiate athletics. The skewing of values is at least as damaging. Everyone involved in the big-time system—players, coaches, alumni and other boosters, school officials, trustees, even legislators—is persuaded that a good football team is a mark of the real worth of an educational institution. Some of the most successful coaches elevate that bizarre notion to a sort of philosophy. Woody Hayes of Ohio State has said that the most important part of a young man's college education is the football he plays. Jim Kehoe, athletic director at the University of Maryland, has said of the games played by Maryland: "You do anything to win. I believe completely, totally, and absolutely in winning."

Anyone doubtful of the broad psychic satisfaction provided by winning teams need only observe who it is that shouts, "We're number one!" It is seldom the players and only sometimes other students. The hard core of team boosters is composed of middle-aged men—mainly alumni but also legions of lawyers, doctors, and businessmen with no tangible connection to the school.

In the South, where football mania rides at a shrill and steady peak, winning seems to offer a special reward: an opportunity to claim the parity with other regions that has been so conspicuously lacking in more important areas of endeavor. In Alabama in the late Sixties, when Coach Bear Bryant was fielding the first of his remarkable series of national championship teams, both Bear and team were the objects of outright public adulation: that is, *white* public adulation. White Alabamians, reacting to the assaults on George Wallace and other bastions of segregation, took a grim, almost vengeful pride in "their" team. During those years, when I covered the

South as a reporter, one could hardly meet a white Alabamian who didn't talk football or display, on an office or den wall, a picture of Bryant and the Crimson Tide squad.

The disease of bigtime-ism seems to run rampant in provincial places where there is little else to do or cheer for: Tuscaloosa and Knoxville, Columbus and Lincoln, Norman and Fayetteville. But everywhere, always, it feeds on a need to win—not just win a fair share of games but win almost all of them, and surely all of the "big" ones.

At the University of Tennessee last fall, coach Bill Battle nearly lost his job because the Volunteers won a mere 7 of their 12 games. Never mind that Battle's Tennessee teams had previously amassed a five-year record of 46 victories, 12 defeats, and 2 ties and had been to a bowl in each of those years. Although Battle was eventually rehired, he received no public support from a university administration which seemed to agree with the fanatics that, outstanding as his record was, it was not good enough.

Everyone knows something about the excesses of recruiting high-school players and something about the other trappings of the big-time system: the athletic dormitory and training table, where the "jocks" or "animals" are segregated in the interests of conformity and control; the "brain coaches" hired to keep athletes from flunking out of school; the full scholarships ("grants in aid"), worth several thousand dollars apiece, that big-time schools can give to 243 athletes each year. (Conference regulations restrict the size of football traveling squads to about 60, while the NCAA permits 95 players to be on football scholarships. This means that some three dozen football players at each big-time school are getting what's called a full ride without earning it.)

What few people realize is that these are only the visible workings of a system that feeds on higher education and diverts it from its true purposes. The solution, therefore, is not to deliver slaps on the wrist to the most zealous recruiters, as the NCAA often does, or to make modest reductions in the permissible number of athletic scholarships, as it did last year. The solution is to banish big-time athletics from American colleges and universities.

Specifically, we should:

(1) Eliminate all scholarships awarded on the basis of athletic ability *and* those given to athletes in financial need. Every school should form its teams from a student body drawn there to pursue academic interests.

(2) Eliminate athletic dormitories and training tables, which keep athletes out of the mainstream of college life and further their image as hired guns. Also eliminate special tutoring, which is a preferential treatment of athletes, and "red shirting," the practice of keeping players in school an additional year in the hope that they'll improve enough to make the varsity.

(3) Cut drastically the size and the cost of coaching staffs. Football staffs at Division I schools typically number 12 or 14, so that they are larger than those employed by professional teams. With practice squads numbering 80 or 50, the present staff size creates a "teacher-pupil" ratio that permits far more individualized instruction on the playing field than in the classroom. The salaries paid to assistant coaches should be spent to

(Continued on page 46.)

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From *Symbols of the Nations*

Is Détente

A distinguished studer argues that détente has bee U.S.S.R. but is still a goa

by George F. Kennan

Some years ago, for reasons I have never entirely understood, an impression got about that there was beginning, in our relationship with the Soviet Union, a new period of normalization and relaxation of tensions, to be sharply distinguished from all that had gone before and to be known by the term "détente."

This image of détente, in which, for all I know, there may have been at one time some slender basis of reality, came to be rather seriously oversold. It was oversold—for different reasons in each case—by our government, by the Soviet government, and by the American press; and as a result of this overselling, many people came to address to the behavior of both countries expectations that were unreal and could not be met fully.

Today an almost predictable reaction has set in—a reaction against what people understand to be "détente." It has set in partly as a consequence of the earlier overselling of this idea; partly because real mistakes have been made here and there, on both sides; partly because an improvement in political relations appeared to threaten the formidable interests vested in a continuing state of high military tension. In addition, there seem to be a number of people in our political and journalistic world for whom a certain Cold War rhetoric has long been the staff of life, who have been alarmed by an apparent favorable trend in our relationship to Russia that has threatened to undermine the basis for this rhetoric, and who now welcome the chance to attack that trend. The result has been the emergence of a school of thought which appears to believe that something useful could now be achieved in our relations with Russia by a policy of strident hostility on our part, by reversion to the Cold War slogans of the Fifties, by calling names and making faces, by piling up still greater quantities of superfluous armaments, and by putting public pressure on Moscow to change its internal practices, and indeed the very nature of Soviet power.

Granted this tangle of motivations and outlooks, just where should the United States stand regarding détente? Is it a mere governmental public-relations ploy, without grounding in the realities? Or is it a major fact of international life, which will lead on to ever-widening vistas of mutual Soviet-American support?

THE BEST WAY of getting at these questions is, it seems to me, to step back from them so that the riddle of détente can be brought into historical perspective.

There is no need to dwell at any great length on the curious sort of symmetry —sometimes one of similarity, sometimes of diametrical opposition—that has marked the development of the Russian and American peoples, particularly in the modern age—by which term I am thinking of the past 200 to 250 years. Many thoughtful observers—including even Tocqueville, who had never been to Russia—have noted it and commented on it. At the start of that period, the two peoples were marked by their respective inhabitation of vast, underpopulated, and relatively underdeveloped but potentially enormously fruitful territories in the north temperate zone of the planet. In the 18th century both were just emerging out of a former obscurity onto the great stage of the international life of the civilized world. The Russians were emerging into this limelight after several centuries of relative isolation—which one might call a historically compelled isolation—from the main cultural and religious and political centers of Western civilization. They were emerging in the manner with which we are all familiar. By that time a limited westward territorial expansion had brought them to Poland and to the Baltic Sea. The construction of a

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Worth Saving?

f American foreign policy oversold" in the U. S. and iat must be pursued.

Sovfoto

new and partially Europeanized capital on the banks of the Neva was creating a governmental center reasonably open to contact with Western Europe, in contrast to the former remote and self-immolating Grand Duchy of Moscow, with its religious intolerance, its dark suspicion of the heretical outside world, its pious abhorrence of contact with the individual Western foreigner.

In that same century we Americans were emerging onto the world scene for the first time as a discrete entity, but emerging in quite a different way: not as an old people, isolated from Europe by the workings of a long and unhappy history, but as a young people newly born, so to speak, out of the wombs of old England and Scotland and certain parts of the Continent. We bore with us, to be sure, the traditions, the customs, the inherited outlooks of the European societies that had mothered us. But we were now in the process of being changed to some degree by the very discipline of our physical encounter with the great American wilderness and were, in any case, appearing now for the first time as something in our own right, something visible and active on the landscape of world politics, preparing to take an independent part in the affairs of the world.

To this concept we must add, now, the reflection that around the same time both of these two peoples, starting from a position of what we might call proximity to the main centers of Western European power and culture, began in earnest their respective processes of developmental expansion away from those centers: the Russians eastward across the Volga and the Urals into the immense expanses of central Asia and Siberia; the Americans westward across their own empty, magnificent, and underdeveloped continent. Both were destined, in the late 19th and early 20th centuries, to close the circle and to meet, in a sense, on the shores of the Pacific —to meet as peoples by this time of immense demographic, physical, and potential military power, each towering already in these respects over any of the individual entities, if not the totality, of the old Europe from which they had taken, in so high degree, their origins and their inspirations.

So far I have dealt mostly with similarities. But these similarities in physical and geographic experience were accompanied by profound, almost antithetically related differences in political and social outlook. With these differences, too, most of us are familiar. The Russians inherited the outlook of a great continental land power, almost totally cut off from the world oceans, surrounded over great periods of their history by fierce and dangerous land neighbors; and they became accustomed to that intense concentration of political authority that marks all societies and communities that find themselves virtually in a state of siege. The Russians learned to regard as natural the subordination of the individual to this concentration of authority. They were grateful, no doubt, for whatever liberties and immunities might be conceded to the individual at any given moment, but they tended to accept these as the product of an act of grace on the part of constituted authority rather than as absolute rights, inherent in the condition of individual man. We Americans, on the other hand, were heirs to the mercantile and commercial traditions of latter-day England and Scotland. Shield-

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George F. Kennan, author, historian, and former U. S. ambassador to the Soviet Union, is professor emeritus at the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton, N. J., and a founder of the Kennan Institute for Advanced Russian Studies in Washington, D. C. The article is adapted from remarks made at a meeting of Washington area Slavists held under the auspices of the Kennan Institute.

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ed in effect on the oceanic side—whether we recognized the fact or not—by English sea power, and facing on our mainland only insignificant military challenges, we were able to proceed in relative peace to the development of our continent, enjoying, indeed taking increasingly for granted, these rights and procedures of self-government that were actually in high degree the achievements of the European civilizations out of which we had emerged.

The differences between these two outlooks were, as you see, profound. But the two peoples had one thing in common: a tendency to attribute to their own political ideology a potential universal validity—to perceive in it virtues that ought, as one thought, to command not only imitation on the part of other peoples everywhere but also recognition of the moral authority and ascendancy of the respective national center from which these virtues were proceeding. The Russians had inherited this messianic view of their own place in the world from old Byzantium, with its strong sense of religious orthodoxy and its universalistic political pretensions. We Americans had it because, failing to recognize the relationship between our freedoms and achievements on the one hand, and the uniquely favorable conditions in which it was given to us to lead our national life on the other, we mistook those achievements and freedoms as the products of some peculiar wisdom and virtue on our own part and came to see in the system of government we were now enjoying the ultimate salvation of most of the rest of the world. So each of these great peoples went along into the 20th century nurturing vague dreams, if not of world power, at least of a species of exemplary and moral world leadership, which entitled it to some special form of admiration, deference, imitation, or authority—call it what you will—at the hands of other less favorably endowed peoples.

It was, then, against this background that the relations between the two peoples and their governments developed up to the end of the 19th century. In the geopolitical sense there were no serious conflicts between them; on the contrary, there was much, particularly in their respective relationships to England, that gave to each of them a certain limited positive value in the other's eyes. But ideologically the two official establishments remained poles apart. They viewed each other with uneasiness and distaste. The image of Tsarist autocracy remained no less repulsive in American eyes than did American republicanism in the eyes of the court and bureaucracy of Petersburg. And over the whole period of Tsarist power these differences continued to constitute a complicating factor in Russian-American relations, not wholly inhibiting the development of those relations but limiting in some degree the dimensions and intensity they could assume.

Keystone Press

U. S. troops in Vladivostok—"An event in the prosecution of the war."

TOWARD THE END of the 19th century, another complication began to make itself felt in the form of the growing restlessness of the non-Russian nationalities within the framework of the Russian Empire and the growing power of their appeals to congressional and, to some extent, popular sympathies within this country. This was a factor that has to be distinguished from the general incompatibility of the two political systems to which I have just referred, because this restlessness arose not mainly from discontent with the general political system prevailing in Russia (although there was this, too), but rather from the treatment by the Tsarist regime of the particular non-Russian nationality in question, which was a different thing. The phenomenon became a complicating factor in Russian-American relations only when individuals from among these minority nationalities began to appear in significant numbers among the immigrants to this country. Particularly was this true, of course, of the Jews—Russian, Polish, and Lithuanian—whose migration to this country in considerable numbers began in earnest in the 1880s, and whose powerful resentment of the treatment of their co-religionists in Russia soon began to become a factor of importance in American political life. The legislative branch of the American government has always had, it would seem, a peculiar sensitivity to the feeling of compact blocks of recent immigrants residing in our great urban communities. So, at any rate, it was in this case, with the result that the tales of the sufferings of these non-Russian nationalities soon came to exercise upon political and congressional

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Keystone Press

Lenin in Petrograd—"He saw America's intervention in Russia as the expression of ideological hostility."

opinion in this country an influence stronger than anything ever evoked by the tales of the sufferings of the Russian people themselves at the hands of their autocratic government. It is curious, in a certain melancholy way, to recall that in December 1911 the House of Representatives adopted almost unanimously a resolution calling on the President to terminate the old trade treaty with Russia that had been in force ever since 1832; and the purpose of this resolution was to compel the Russian government to liberalize its treatment of the Jews within Russia. The one vote cast against the resolution in the House of Representatives was cast by a man who complained that this sort of pressure by a foreign government would not help the Jews in Russia but would appreciably damage American business; President Taft, pursuant to this resolution, did so terminate the treaty, with the result that Russian-American relations, down to the Revolution of 1917, remained very cool and unhappy indeed.

This, then, was the general shape of Russian-American relations as they existed in the final years of the Tsarist Empire, and it was against this background that the whole question was overtaken by the Russian Revolution, in 1917.

The initial impact of this revolution on the relationship consisted primarily of sheer confusion. The reaction of the American public was confused by the fact that it was not one revolution but two: a moderate-democratic one in February 1917, with which all Americans tended to sympathize; and an extreme, left-wing-Marxist one, dictatorially oriented, in November, the seriousness and durability of which was at first widely questioned. This reaction was even more confused by the fact that there was at that time a war in progress—a great European war which the United States was then just in the process of entering. The emotional reaction to the experience of being at war soon came to dominate American opinion and to distort all other issues. Thus the Russian Provisional Government, resulting from the first revolution, was idealized because it attempted to carry on in the war against Germany, whereas the Bolshevik regime, taking over in November 1917, was scorned, resented, and opposed in large measure because its first official act was to take Russia out of the war entirely.

Similar confusions prevailed, of course, on the Bolshevik side. Lenin and his associates attached enormous significance to their own seizure of power. They saw it as the first step in a political transformation of the world far more important than any of the issues over which the world war was being fought. And for this reason they insisted on seeing America's reluctant and trivial participation in the Allied military intervention in Russia, in 1918–1920, as the expression of an ideological hostility to themselves, rather than as an event in the prosecution of the war against Germany, which it really was.

These early confusions and misunderstandings yielded only slowly and partially to the passage of time, and they helped to engender a deep mutual antagonism between the two parties concerned. But they were not the most important cause of the antagonism. The

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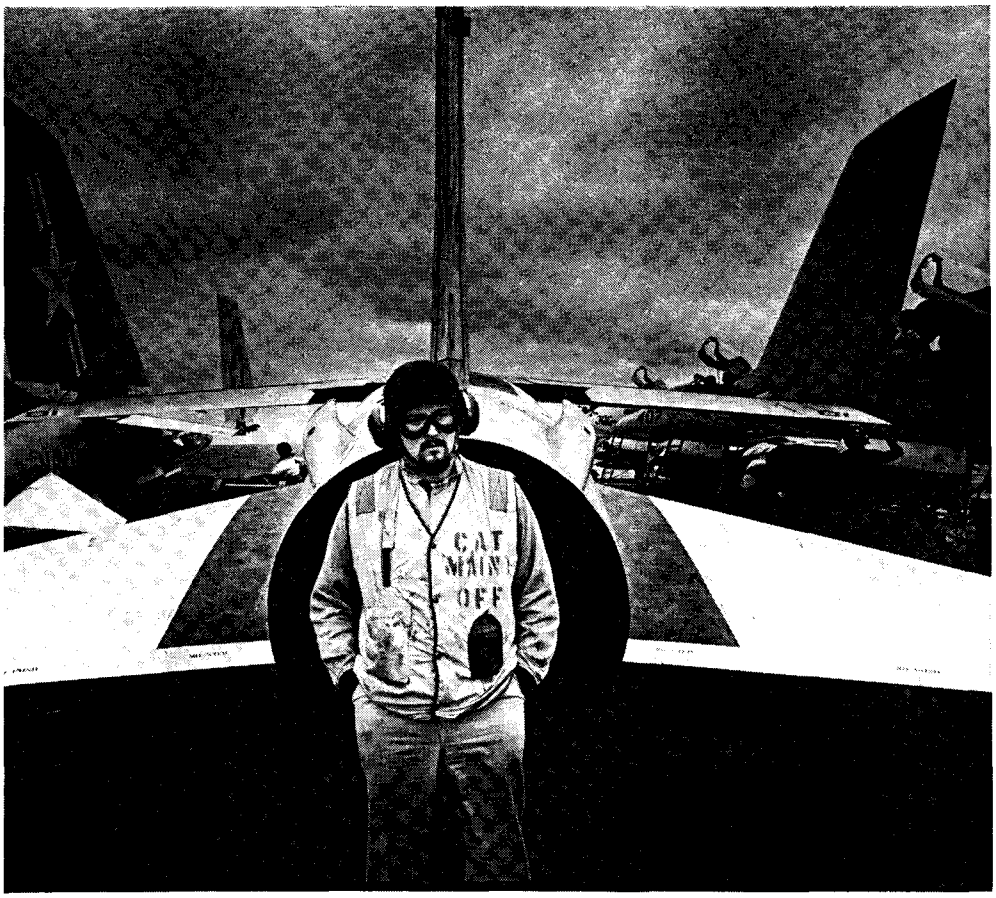

Philip Jones Griffiths: Magnum

Arms and the man—"We must control our fearful capacity for suicidal destruction."

most important cause was another situation produced by the revolution—a situation that was not at all a misunderstanding: the fact, namely, that the Bolshevik leaders looked upon the political and social system of this country as a misconceived, regressive, iniquitous one, disreputable in its origins and purposes and deserving of violent overthrow; and they conceived it as their duty, however poor the prospects for success, to encourage such an overthrow and to contribute to its realization wherever they could. This, too, of course, bred a reciprocal reaction here. It was a reaction flowing in part from resentment of the Soviet attitude—resentment, that is, of the hostility addressed by the Bolshevik leaders to cherished American ideals and institutions. But it also flowed from a very genuine distaste on the part of most Americans for what they could learn of the ideology of the new Communist leaders and of the manner in which their dictatorial authority was being exercised.

So the Russian-American relationship came to be burdened in the Twenties and Thirties not only by the great differences in historical experience and political tradition of which I have spoken but also by those special elements of ideological and political antagonism introduced by the establishment of Communist power in Russia.

All of this was sufficient to render relations in the period between the two wars—not just in the early years of nonrecognition but even after diplomatic relations were established in 1933—distant, meager, and unpleasant. Now these sources of contention were in their entirety a serious burden on an international relationship (and no one could have been more aware of their seriousness, I think, than those of us who served in the American Embassy in Moscow at the time). But they were not, I would point out, the source of any particular military tension between the two countries; and there was no great urgency about the resolution of the conflicts they produced. They represented serious long-term problems, but these were not problems wholly immune to those immutable laws of change that eventually affect all societies, transform all customs, and erode all militant ideologies; and for this reason there was no need to despair of their ultimate peaceful resolution. Above all, the preservation of world peace, not to mention the inviolability of civilized life on the planet, did not depend on their early solution.

It was in this last respect, above all, that the outcome of World War II worked its most significant and most fateful changes. There were two of these changes that stand out in my mind. Both were of a quasi-military nature.

The first was the elimination of Germany and Japan as major military powers standing between the United States and the Soviet Union, the attendant creation of great political and military vacuums, and the advance of Soviet military power, by way of filling one of these vacuums, into the heart of Europe. This produced a direct confrontation between American and Soviet military power that had never existed before.

As far as conventional forces were concerned, even this was not necessarily a fatal complication. The presence of both Soviet and American forces in the heart of Europe is an anomaly of history, awkward in some ways to both parties and to the peoples whose territory is affected. For this very reason, given continuing restraint and patience on both sides, it may be expected to yield eventually to a more normal and less dangerous state of affairs.

The same, unfortunately, cannot be said of the second of the two great military-political consequences of World War II, for this was the acquisition and cultivation by both American and Soviet governments of the nuclear capability—of the capability, that is, of putting an end to civilized life not only on the territory of the other party but on great portions of the remainder of the surface of the planet as well.

The fears and other reactions engendered by this nuclear rivalry have now become a factor in our relations with Russia of far greater actual importance than the underlying ideological and political differences. The real conflicts of interest and outlook, for all their seriousness, are limited ones. There is nothing in them that could not yield to patience, change, and a readiness for accommodation. There is nothing in them, above all, that could really be solved by—and, therefore, nothing that could justify—a major war, let alone the sort of global cataclysm that seems to preempt so many of our plans and discussions. Yet this fact is constantly being

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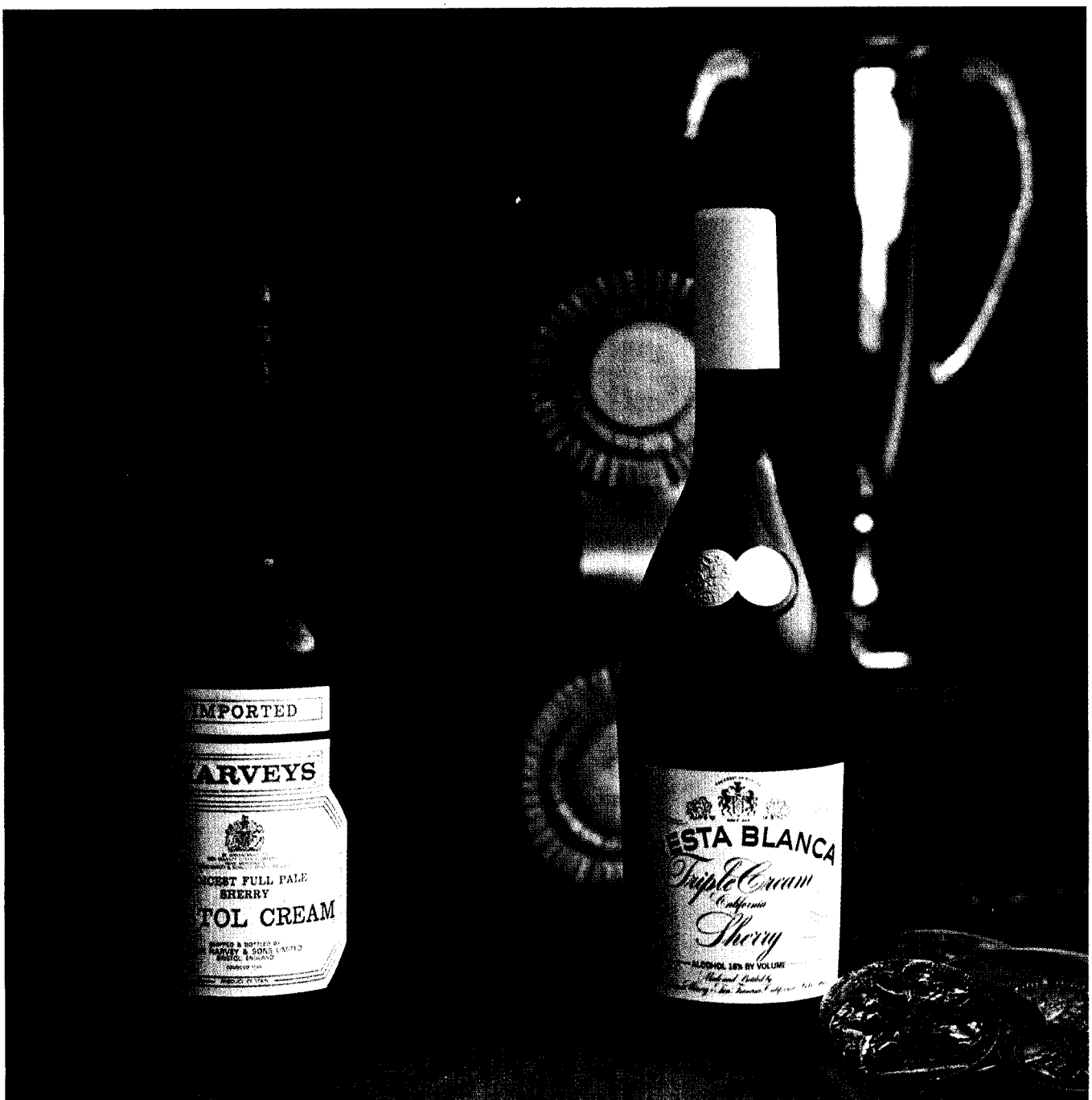

[illegible] charging too much

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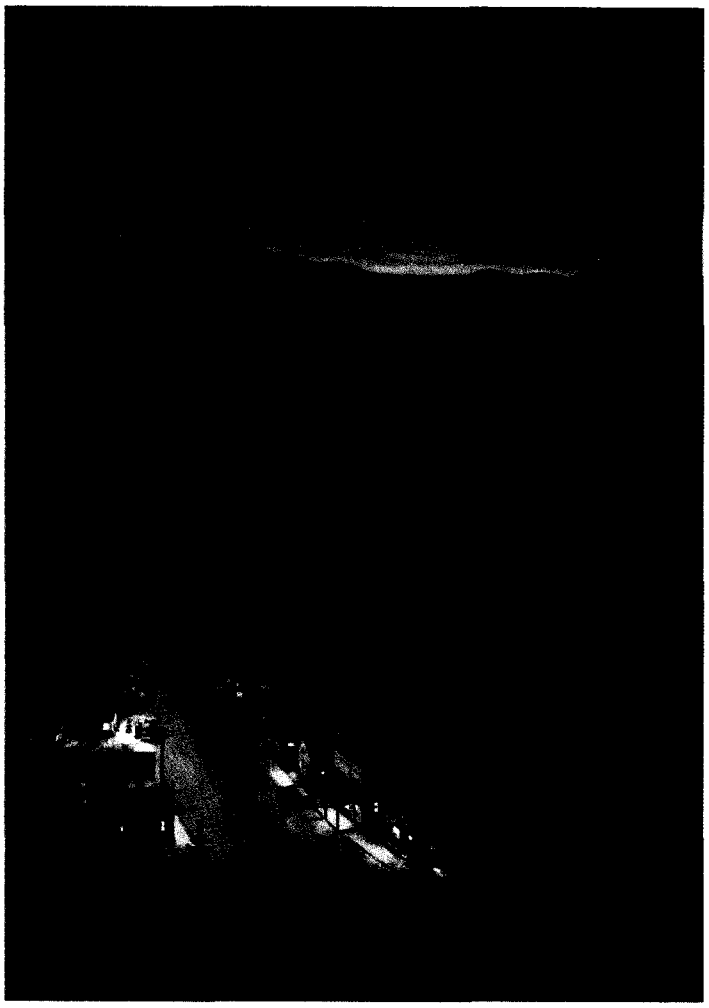

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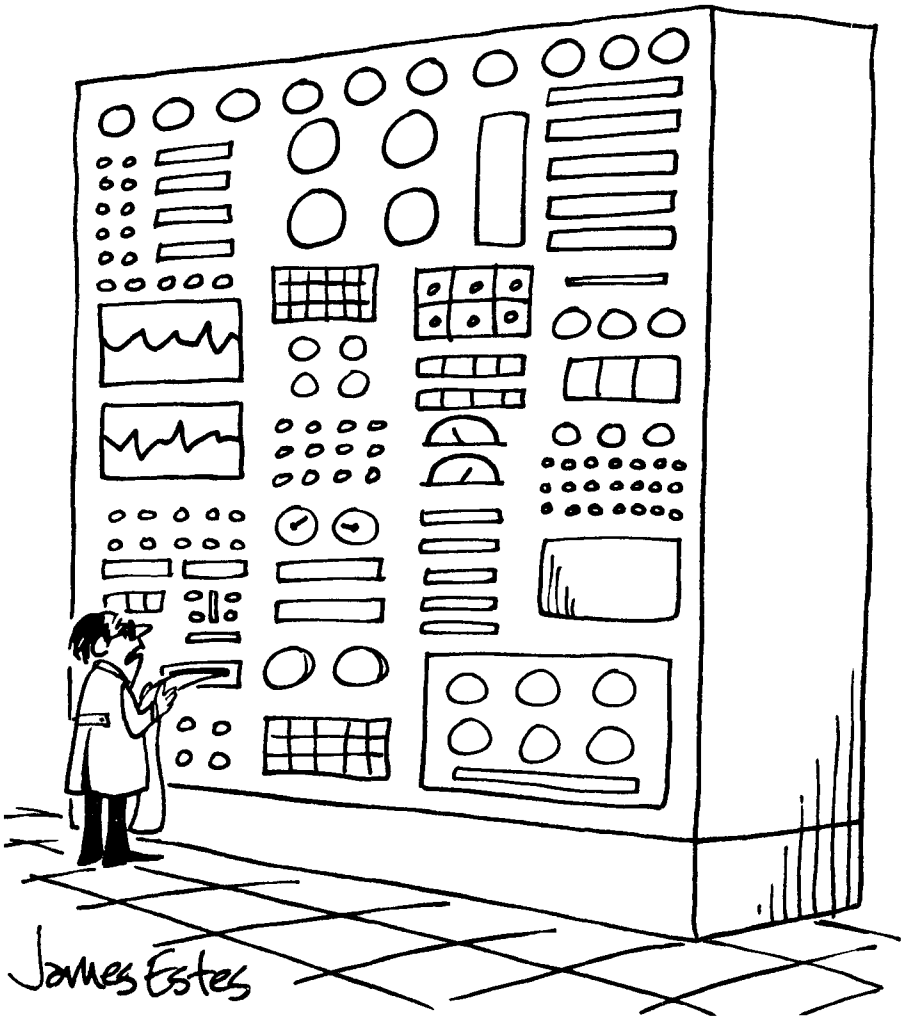
crowded out of our consciousness by the prominence, and the misleading implications, of the military competition. An image arises, if only initially for purposes of military planning, of an utterly inhuman adversary, committed to our total destruction and committed to it not for any coherent political reason but only because he has the capacity to inflict it. This unreal image presents itself to both parties; and in the name of a response to it whole great economies are distorted, whole populations are to some extent impoverished, vast amounts of productive capacity needed for constructive purposes in a troubled world are devoted to sterile and destructive ones; a proliferation of nuclear weaponry is encouraged and pursued that only increases with every day the dimensions and dangers of the problem to which it is supposed to be responsive; and the true nature of our relations with the Soviet Union and its peoples becomes obscured and distorted by the cloud of anxieties and panicky assumptions that falls across its face. The nuclear rivalry, in other words, begins to ride along of its own momentum, like an object in space, divorced from any cause or rationale other than the fears it engenders, corrupting and distorting a relationship that, while not devoid of serious problems, never needed to be one of mortal antagonism.

OUR FIRST TASK, then, is to master, and to bring under rational control, this fearful capacity for suicidal destruction that has been let loose among us; and of this I would say only that so terrible are the dangers of a continued failure to master it that we would be fully warranted in accepting very considerable risks to avoid this failure. The risks, for example, of a total ban on the testing of nuclear weapons seem to me to be trivial in comparison with the risks involved in the continued proliferation of these weapons on a world scale. Yet we shrink from it. Is this timidity really justified? Is the tail of military fear not wagging the dog of constructive and hopeful political opportunity at this point?

I find myself disturbed by these reactions not only because of their obvious negativeness and sterility, and not only because they stimulate exaggerations and distortions of the real situation in world affairs, but also because they tend to obscure both the real limitations and the real possibilities to which our relations with the Soviet Union are subject. Let us remember that for the reasons I have just outlined there has always been an area where collaboration with Russia, as we would like to see it, has not been possible. This was true before the revolution. It is true today. It will continue to be true long into the future. But there is another area in which collaboration—and mutually profitable collaboration—*is* possible. The relative size and nature of these two areas is not immutable; it has not failed to change with the years; and only someone unfamiliar with the history of Soviet-American relations could fail to recognize that since Stalin's death the direction of this change has been in general a favorable one—the one we would like to see.

This has been, if you will, a small gain, but it has been a real one and the only kind we can hope to make. And it should be recognized that none of the complicating factors—neither the asperities of our military rivalry, nor the apparent conflict of our aims with those of the Soviet Union in specific geographic areas and countries, nor the somewhat dated but now traditional Communist rhetoric to which the Soviet leadership is committed—none of these things constitutes any adequate reason, nor do all of them together, why we should not exploit to the full those areas in which our relations with Russia are or might be capable of constructive development and where exchanges might be pursued, cultural as well as commercial, which would be mutually profitable and would give greater depth and stability to the relationship as a whole.

We have burdens enough in Soviet-American relations without adding to them by the neglect of those areas where possibilities for improvement do actually exist. In a world so troubled as ours of today, the favorable opportunities have to be cherished and nurtured, not sacrificed to prejudice, vanity, or political ambition. □



"Nope; no chess problems until you've finished your quadratic equations!"

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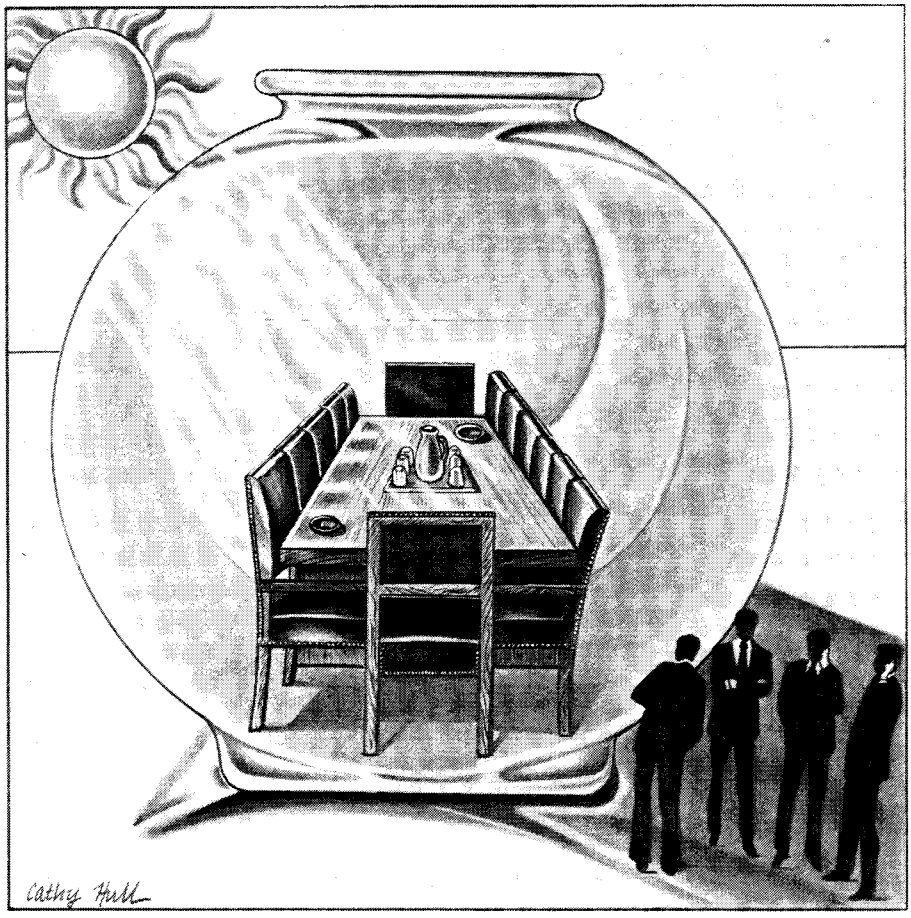
Have We Gone Overboard on "The Right to Know"?

Ironically, requirements for complete disclosure of information could make it impossible for government to operate effectively.



by Warren Bennis

The British Foreign Office gives its fledgling diplomats three cardinal rules of behavior: (1) never tell a lie, (2) never tell the whole truth, and (3) never miss a chance to go to the bathroom. An old Tammany boodler, who disliked leaving any traces of his dealings, had a terser rule: "Don't write. Send word." Both sets of rules, I fear, are likely to become more and more a tacit standard of conduct for those who, in the post-Watergate climate of suspicion, share the hazardous privilege of running large organizations, including, in my own case, the nation's second largest urban multiversity.

Never before have the American people felt such universal distrust of their presumed leaders—whether in government, the law, the clergy, or education. After years of calculated deception over Vietnam, compounded by the conspiracy, skulduggery, and chicanery of Watergate, they now trust almost no one in authority. Consider a recent Gallup survey in which college students were asked to rate the honesty and ethical standards of various groups: political officeholders (only 9 percent rated "very high") were eclipsed only by advertising men (6 percent); lawyers were rated 40 percent, and journalists 49 percent. I am proud that college teachers rated highest (70 percent), but inasmuch as college presidents were not included, I can't seek shelter under that umbrella. Ralph Nader received a higher rating than President Ford, Henry Kissinger, and Ted Kennedy. Labor leaders came out even worse than business executives —19 percent of the former rated high versus 20 percent for the latter.

In short, virtually all leaders are in the doghouse of suspicion. And the understandable reaction to all these credibility gaps is creating a growing insistence that every public act, of whatever public institution, be conducted, as it were, in Macy's window.

Here are some symptoms.

• "Sunshine laws" have now been passed by numerous states, prohibiting closed meetings. Hawaii has even made it a crime to hold a private meeting of *any* sort without giving advance notice.

• The Buckley Amendment requires that in institutions with federal support all records (particularly those concerning students) be open to inspection by persons concerned.

• The Freedom of Information Act, first passed in 1967 and recently strengthened over the President's veto by amendments that became effective on February 19, 1975, requires that most records of federal agencies be provided to anyone upon request.

The intended purpose of all such measures is wholesome. It is to create a standard, for all public business, of what Woodrow Wilson called "open covenants openly arrived at." I believe wholeheartedly in such a purpose. During many years of consulting, teaching, and writing on the achievement of organizational goals (for all organizations, but particularly those of business and government), I have always stressed the importance of openness. I have argued that goals will be achieved effectively almost in proportion to the extent that the organization can achieve a climate in which members

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Warren Bennis, an authority on management systems and organizational development, is president of the University of Cincinnati. His article appears here by special arrangement with Harvard Magazine.

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can level with one another in open and trusting interpersonal relationships. I believe this, because denial, avoidance, or suppression of truth will ultimately flaw decision-making and, in the case of business, the bottom line as well.

So, I dislike secrecy. I think the prophet Luke was right when he wrote, "Nothing is secret, that shall not be made manifest." And I believe Emerson's law of compensation: "In the end, every secret is told, every crime is punished, every virtue rewarded, in silence and certainty." At the same time, as a practical administrator, I am convinced that these well-intended goldfish-bowl rules will have unintended results worse than the evils they seek to forestall. They are likely to produce more secrecy, not less (only more carefully concealed), and on top of it, so hamstring already overburdened administrators as to throw their tasks into deeper confusion.

For secrecy is one thing. Confidentiality is another. No organization can function effectively without certain degrees of confidentiality in the proposals, steps, and discussions leading up to its decisions—which decisions should then, of course, be open, and generally will be.

An amusing case in point: the Nixon government moved heaven and earth seeking to restrain, perhaps even imprison, *New York Times* editors in their determination to publish the Pentagon Papers. The *Times* won the right from the Supreme Court (under some continuing criminal risk) to resume publishing these assertedly "secret" studies of Vietnam War decisions. Yet the editors themselves surrounded their preparation of these stories with a secrecy and security that the Pentagon might have envied—renting a secret suite of hotel rooms, swearing the members of a small secret staff to total secrecy, for weeks confining them almost like prisoners, restricting their communications to an elite handful with "need to know," and setting the stories themselves on sequestered, closely guarded typesetting machines. Thus the ultimate challenge to "official" secrecy was performed in ultimate "private" secrecy. What the *Times* editors knew, of course, was what every decision-maker knows instinctively. The mere fact of discussions' becoming known, at the wrong stage of the procedure, can prevent a desirable decision from ultimately being carried out.

We have seen this happen in the case of the long, arduous, confidential negotiations Secretary of State Kissinger was making with the Soviets to tie trade concessions to larger, mutually agreed quotas of emigration for Soviet Jews. Through quiet negotiation he had already obtained large but unstipulated expansions of the actual numbers of émigrés, who began arriving in Israel by the thousands. He obtained similar agreement to larger expansions. But zealous senatorial advocates of larger emigration demanded that all this be put in Macy's window—that it be publicly recorded, that the Soviets publicly confirm what they were privately conceding. The outcome was to rupture détente itself and the progress already gained in emigration.

ON A LESS COSMIC LEVEL, some experiences of my own bring home how vital confidentiality can be in determining whether or not "open decisions openly arrived at" can be made at all.

CASE NUMBER ONE. Shortly after I had become president of the University of Cincinnati, of which General Hospital, the city's largest, is a part, a U. S. senator announced an investigation of the whole-body radiation that was carried out at General on terminal-cancer patients. The charge, that the program constituted "using human beings as guinea pigs," was false, but there were some awkward aspects in the way the whole thing had been handled which caused me to investigate the reasons privately.

The investigation was on the eve of a Hamilton County election that was absolutely crucial to the hospital, on which thousands of the poor rely for treatment. It was far from certain whether a major bond levy for General Hospital would pass or fail. It did pass, but during three critical weeks I had either to evade all questions, or fuzz my answers, relating to my own and to the senator's investigation. I never lied. I never told the whole truth. I often went to the bathroom.

CASE NUMBER TWO. Our university, which began as a city-funded municipal college and still receives from the city of Cincinnati $4.5 million of the annual $140 million budget, now draws the bulk of its funding from the state. But it is not a full state institution like Ohio State. If it *were* fully state affiliated, it would receive sufficient extra funds to meet a worsening financial crisis. The possibility of such affiliation therefore not only *needs* to be considered but also *has* to be considered; I would be derelict in my duty to do otherwise.

But if we decided to seek full state status, timing was very important, because it would involve not only action by the legislature but also a change in the city's charter. What was even more important, I learned to my sorrow, was confidentiality. One of our state senators, preparing for a television interview, asked me whether it was all right for him to say that the university was "considering" such a move. I said certainly, because obviously I had to consider it. By night this statement of the obvious was "big" news flashing across my television screen. By morning local and state politicians were making a pro-and-con bean bag of the question, and by then the furor was so great that it was difficult even to weigh or discuss the problem on its merits. Happily, that frenetic period has now passed, and the question is being calmly and thoughtfully debated: but I learned a lesson.

"The disclosure mania will make for more cliques that meet privately beforehand to agree on concerted actions subsequently revealed only at the public meeting."

CASE NUMBER THREE. Last year a group of black graduate students charged their college faculty with racism. I met with this group and heard out their grievances. I told them that if the faculty agreed, I would ask a blue-ribbon panel of distinguished local citizens, including two black leaders, to investigate and report on the matter.

That was Wednesday. On the next day, Thursday, the dean of the college had arranged to meet with the faculty. The plan was to make this proposal for such a committee. I had no reason to think that the faculty would object. But by late Wednesday afternoon, the Cincinnati *Post* was blazoning the entire story: the protest meeting, my proposal to the blacks, the Thursday meeting arranged with the faculty, and so on. Obviously, the protesters had "leaked" the details of our meeting, apparently assuming the disclosure would further their cause. The opposite happened. The faculty members were irritated by reading about arrangements they had not

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been consulted about. By the time I *could* consult them, they were sufficiently angry to vote down the whole proposal of an outside committee. Werner Heisenberg's "uncertainty principle" affects human as well as molecular relations: the mere act of observing a process publicly *can impede the process itself.*

So, in my own mind it is certainly clear that there are times when confidentiality is a necessary prerequisite to *public* decisions for the *public* benefit. But when one asks, or is asked, where this desirable good blends into the undesirable evil of secrecy—for secrecy's own sake or for concealing mistakes—it is hard to set any very clear or definitive standards or rules of thumb. One almost has to come back always to the character and the integrity of the individual concerned. If he or she is worthy of trust, his judgment must be trusted as to when, and under what circumstances, confidentiality is required.

Unquestionably, however, certain individuals are by nature so obsessed with secrecy and concealment that one suspects that, as infants, they were given to hiding their feces from their parents. One thinks immediately of Richard Nixon. His former speech writer, William Safire, reveals in his book, *After the Fall*, that Nixon was so secretive that prior to his election, he mistrusted even the Secret Service men guarding him. His foreign-policy adviser, Richard Allen, wanted to bring him together with Anna Chennault, widow of the Flying Tiger general, who was pulling strings to block a Johnson bombing pause in North Vietnam. "Meeting would have to be absolute top secret," wrote Allen, to "D C" (Nixon's code name). Secretive old D C scribbled opposite this reference to "top secret": "Should be but I don't see how—with the SS [Secret Service]. If it can be [secret] RN would like to see—if not could Allen see for RN?" Note that for extra secrecy, he even writes of himself in the third person; D C, even to himself, is R N.

We all know where this excessive passion for secrecy led. Kissinger not only had Safire's phone tapped but also recorded—without his knowledge—conversations with such co-equals as budget director George Shultz. Safire has written: "This tolerance of eavesdropping was the first step down the Watergate road. It led to eavesdropping by the plumbers, to attempted eavesdropping on the Democratic National Committee, and to the ultimately maniacal eavesdropping by the President, on the President, for the President, completing the circle and ensuring retribution. Eavesdropping to protect Presidential confidentiality led to the greatest hemorrhage of confidentiality in American history and to the ruination of many good men."

Indeed, I sometimes think it is such *needless* passion for secrecy in many of our institutions, corporate as well as governmental, that has set off the present demand to wash, as it were, all public information in Macy's window. It has set off, as well, the unprecedented epidemic of public litigiousness, so that every leader of any institution now has to consult his lawyer about even the most trivial decisions.

So even while I defend the need for confidentiality, I argue for the utmost possible openness—for "leveling"—in every institutional hierarchy. In the Sixties, when I made some organizational studies for the State Department, I quickly learned that junior foreign-service officers often decided not to tell their boss what they knew from the field situation (they believed that the boss would not accept the advice) only to learn later that the boss felt the same way but in turn kept silent for fear that *his* boss would disapprove. This went on, up and down the line, to the very top. Although each privately knew what was right, all enclosed themselves in a pluralistic ignorance, much like the husband and wife, neither of whom wants to go to a movie but thinks that the other does, so that both go although neither wants to.

It is reminiscent of Khrushchev's answer, at his New York press conference, to one of the written questions handed up to him: "You were close to Stalin. What were you doing during all his crimes you later exposed?" Khrushchev was livid with rage. "Who asked that question? Let him stand up." Nobody stood. "That's what I was doing," said Khrushchev.

People in power have to work very hard to get their own key people to tell them what they do know and what they truly feel. But the whole Vietnam mess is a study in the failure, by people who knew better, to say what they really knew—either while they were in power or after they had resigned because they could no longer stomach the ascending pyramid of lies and deceptions.

" 'Dear novelist: Got writer's block? Suffering from Weltschmerz, ennui, flopsweat? Good news! Kroll's Creative Supplements enable you to work smoothly and effectively.' "

WE ARE LEFT with a paradox. The more we can establish *internal* truth—true openness, true candor, true leveling—within an organization and its hierarchy, the better able it will be to define, and defend, the proper areas of *external* confidentiality. Once an executive is convinced that the enemy is not across the hall but across the street, the less inclined he will be, so to speak, to hide his feces.

Nevertheless, the national mania for "full information" is very much with us and is now part of the turbulent social environment that every administrator must deal with. Dealing with it wisely will challenge all his tolerance for ambiguity. Freud's definition of maturity was the ability to accept and deal with ambiguity.

Among colleges one result is already clear. The Buckley Amendment is laudable in its intent. But henceforth school

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and college administrators are going to be chary of putting any very substantive information into any student's record. What will be set down will be so bland and general as to be useless, for example, to college-entrance officials who want to make a considered judgment of an applicant's overall merits. If, for example, he had threatened to cut a teacher's throat but had not done so, he could scarcely be described as "possibly unstable." The student or his parents might sue.

Edward Levi, the new Attorney General, who was the dean of Chicago's law school and president of the university, is able to see these problems from all those perspectives. As a respected civil libertarian, he has publicly exposed flagrant abuses by the FBI's late director, J. Edgar Hoover—most notably an asinine "Cointel" game of sending anonymous letters to both Mafia and Communist leaders with the intention of stirring up conflict between them. At the same time Attorney General Levi has stressed the necessity of confidentiality, not only for government but also for private groups and citizens. As for Wilson's famed "open covenants," Levi quotes Lord Devlin: "What Wilson meant to say was that international agreements should be published; he did not mean that they should be negotiated in public."

In government the Macy's-window syndrome is going to make for greater inefficiency, because officials are going to spend more and more of their time processing requests for documents on *past* actions instead of applying the same energy to *future* actions. Levi points out that the FBI, which received 447 "freedom of information" requests in all of 1974, last year received 483 requests in March alone.

Such demands can, it seems, be self-defeating. One suit to compel disclosure of Secretary Kissinger's off-record briefing on the 1974 Vladivostok nuclear-arms negotiations yielded 57 pages of transcript, but three pages were withheld on grounds that "attribution to Mr. Kissinger could damage national security." What is more important is that it raised the question of whether any future briefings would be equally informative—or, in some cases, discontinued entirely. As the Supreme Court observed, even while denying President Nixon's right to withhold the crucial Watergate tapes: "Human experience teaches that those who expect public dissemination of their remarks may well temper candor with a concern for appearances and for their own interests to the detriment of the decision-making process."

In the case of meetings of public bodies—school boards, college regents, and the like—the disclosure mania will make for more and more cliques that meet privately beforehand to agree on concerted actions subsequently revealed only at the public meeting. What is likely to emerge are the "pre-meeting meetings" that novelist Shepherd Mead described in ad-agency conferences in his *The Great Ball of Wax*.

In every important decision that is likely to impinge on this new "right to know," there will likely be far fewer written, recorded discussions, far more private, verbal discussions, far more tacit rather than "official" decisions. And there will be more winks than signatures ("don't write; send word") if for no other reason than the avoidance of some new capricious lawsuit. The public will be learning more and more about things of less and less importance. It will be poorer served by administrators trying to fight their way through irrelevant demands for "full information" about old business, to the neglect of attending to new business.

I am not saying that individuals who have been unjustly accused should not be able, as Freedom of Information provides, to examine their own dossiers. Nor am I saying it is unwholesome for any government or public agency to be prodded out of its passion for hiding its mistakes under "classified" labels. That kind of file cleaning is needed. Furthermore, scholars are finding the law to be a great boon in gaining quicker access to needed documents and archives.

What I *am* saying is that in the long run we are likely to get better government, better decisions, if we focus our energies on finding leaders whose innate integrity, honesty, and openness will make it unnecessary for us to sue them or ransack their files later on. Attorney General Levi, it seems to me, cuts to the heart of the dilemma in this observation: "A right of complete confidentiality in government could not only produce a dangerous public ignorance but destroy the basic representative function of government. But a duty of complete disclosure would render impossible the effective operation of government." □

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WATCH

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Doing the Honors

Astride the Two Cultures: Arthur Koestler at 70
Edited by Harold Harris
Random House, 219 pp., $10

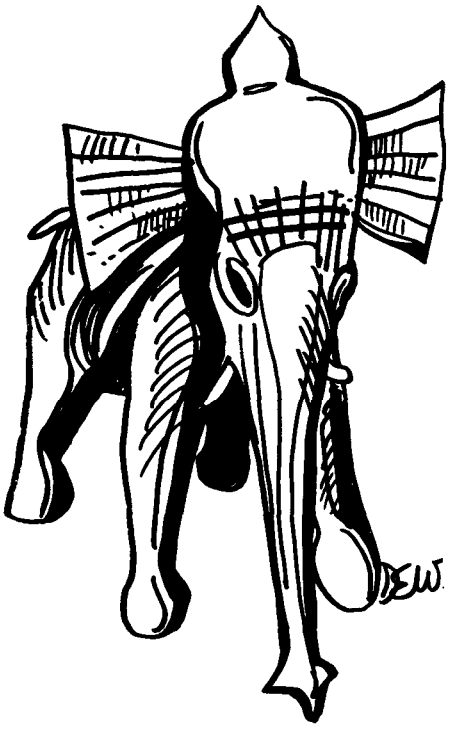
Reviewed by Peter Medawar

Mr. Koestler was 70 on September 5, 1975, and this book has been written deservedly to honor him.

The problem of how to honor a thinker or writer in his own lifetime has not been solved, but this little book of essays, which is in the genre that is coming to be called "a journey around" its subject, is a good try: it is a real book that stands on its own feet and is genuinely unified by its brilliant subject. Harold Harris, the editor, has mercifully abjured the ambition to edit a *Festschrift* —a form of literature rightly shunned by publishers, one that is more often about its contributors than about their subject.

The only really successful way of doing the honors is that which has been devised by the editors and publishers of *The Library of Living Philosophers.* It is for big men only, and no other is ever a subject. A volume of *The Library* always contains a number of full-dress scholarly essays, sometimes expounding and sometimes developing the subject's thought, but sometimes also quite sharply critical. The subject reads all the manuscripts, comments upon the intended developments of his thought, and rebuts the criticisms if he can, or—presumably—benefits from them if he can't. This would not really do for Koestler, who does not always appreciate the implied compliment of being seriously criticized, and who is notorious for answering reviewers back. Koestler poses other special difficulties, too, that remind one of Lord Chesterfield's advice that "a man seeking a woman's heart must praise her for the qualities she does *not* possess." If dull, she must be praised for her wit; if plain, for her beauty. Of Koestler, Mr. Harris says: "It has always seemed to me that recognition of his contribution to science has meant far more to him than the much wider international reputation he enjoys as the creator of one of the great novels of the 20th century."

This is an embarrassment, for the Koestler of *Darkness at Noon* is a genuinely great imaginative writer who has changed the direction of the flow of thought on political matters, and it is as such that he will live and continue to be read; but he is not a scientist, though he has had some good ideas in the tradition of what Germans call nature-philosophy, and he is not nearly critical or tough-minded enough to be a creative philosopher. Nevertheless, Koestler has been accepted as a scientific philosopher by a number of serious and able scientists, one of whom—W. H. Thorpe—contributes to this volume. C. H. Waddington was an admirer, and so, for what it is worth, was the late Ludwig von Bertalanffy. I believe that the real trouble with Arthur Koestler is that he writes and acts as if he thought that the high inspirational origin of a theory and the sheer intensity of the conviction with which it is held to be true are somehow evidence of its authenticity. This is a real gap between the two cultures: in science we are taught, or come painfully to learn, that to fall in love with a hypothesis is one of the roads to ruin. The importance of believing passionately in a hypothesis is that we should be prompted to devise ever more searching and stringent tests of its validity. Time and again I have observed that when scientists fall in love with a hypothesis, so far from testing it really savagely, they tiptoe delicately around it or follow up remotely cognate lines of investigation that cannot endanger their beliefs.



Sometimes one can watch the inspirational elements in Koestler taking over from, and damaging, his thought: Koestler is surely right to discern a hierarchical organization in all living systems, but as certainly wrong in his naive belief that all tiers of the hierarchy are homonomous in such a way as would justify his conclusion that, for example, "dreaming is the mental equivalent of the regenerative processes that make good wear and tear," and that the "creative stress" of the artist or scientist corresponds to "the general alarm reaction" of the injured animal. A good many years ago, in a lengthy critical review of *The Act of Creation*, I came to a conclusion that nothing since has caused me to modify: "I am firmly convinced that Koestler simply does not understand the *kind* of intellectual performance that is expected of somebody who propounds or defends a scientific or philosophic theory."

I hold it to be an extreme vulgarism to use the words *journalist* or *journalistic* in pejorative senses. I cannot, therefore, be accused of unjust depreciation if I say that Koestler is, in my opinion, a superbly accomplished journalist. He is an enormously intelligent man with a truly amazing power to apprehend knowledge and grasp the gist of quite difficult theories. Above all, he is a master

Sir Peter Medawar, author of The Hope of Progress *and* Induction and Intuition in Scientific Thought, *received the Nobel Prize in Medicine and Physiology in 1960.*

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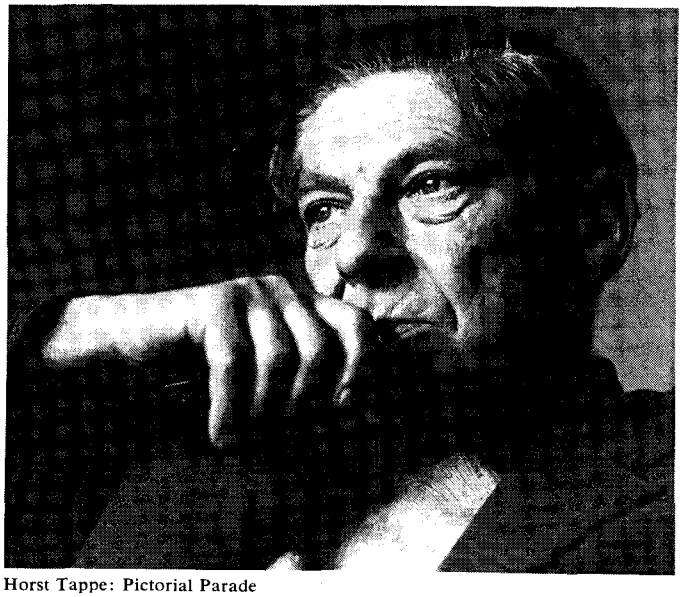
A Conversation With Arthur Koestler

Smelling of tobacco and tweeds, Arthur Koestler's house in Montpelier Square, London, seems oddly English. His tiptoeing wife, Cynthia, leads me upstairs, where he is Old World gracious about welcoming me to his home and soliciting my taste in drink. For decades it troubled him that he had a smirky, childish appearance, exaggerated by lack of physical stature and, he feared, "emotional measles" that showed even on his face. Age has kindly cured these symptoms through deep facial lines and confident movements; from the first moment I feel I am in the presence of a man fully conscious of his importance. I also sense his enormous erudition. In a quarter of an hour, he has cited Kant, Bohr, Aquinas, Aristotle, and Tolstoy—obviously the stuff of his natural associations.

His measured voice is that of a great European intellectual speaking heavily accented, gloriously precise English: a rich instrument for his wisdom and experience, which appear even greater than I expected. We drink. I have almost begun to relax, when suddenly I see that I have begun to provoke his temper, about which I have heard even more than about his charm. For before I can even ask my introductory questions, he informs me that all which interests me about his life and thoughts only bores, or angers, him.



Horst Tappe: Pictorial Parade

"I won't talk politics. I won't give any more political interviews. Because even if you write with the pen of an angel, it will appear as part of the old ding-dong battle I left long ago. I want to wipe off the label stuck to me by political partisans. And back it comes, like a sour belch. You don't seem to have cottoned on to the basic fact of my last 20 years. I'm finished with politics. *Schluss*, the end."

I have indeed not understood, nor do I until I reread some of his essays. Only then does it become clear that 20 years ago, this immensely influential writer, once the supreme example of the *homme engagé*, turned his back on everything political. Now I feel bewildered that he regards *The Invisible Writing* and the other volumes of the autobiography I revere as "cold vomit."

Though he stands by his political writings, Koestler detests the reputation they have earned him. "Whenever a news magazine mentions me," he mutters, "it is as 'Arthur (*Darkness at Noon*) Koestler.' After 20 years working in science, my books are still sent to political reviewers, some still fuming at my break with Stalinism. They judge them not by the psychological or evolutionary reflections—right or wrong—which they contain, but as if the old Koestler had churned out some new anti-Stalinist tract.

"If you want to sum up my development"—he tells me now, impatient to be through with it—"I started in a relatively narrow movement as a young duel-fighting Zionist student. From there I went—or was pushed—into a more general cause: the world revolution, the last of capitalism, the end of man's exploitation of man, and so on. These ideas, which I focused on the Soviet Union, were betrayed by the Stalinist dictatorship, and, like many others, I went into the opposing camp—although it might be said that it was *Russia* that shifted camps, from the libertarian, revolutionary Left to what should be called a right-wing tyranny."

In the "opposing camp" he worked with the International Rescue and Relief Committee, which helped needy émigrés; the Congress for Cultural Freedom, which tried to rally Western intellectuals against Soviet oppression; and his own Fund for Intellectual Freedom, which helped refugees from totalitarian countries.

"I was active in these things until 1954–55. Then I realized that, while journalists and politicians can go over the same ground repeatedly to hammer things in, a writer must never repeat himself. Having said what I felt about politics in my novels and nonfiction books, I made a kind of public vow to have nothing more to do with it.

"But there was another major consideration. To really understand politics, you must study not only history but psychology, especially the psychology of the masses. Therefore I began writing about psychology—and discovered the obvious: you cannot discuss such matters without examining human evolution and the brain's neuro-physiology—in short, how man became what he is. So, my books from 1955 on have dealt with man's glory and predicament. Particularly in my trilogy [*The Sleepwalkers*, *The Act of Creation*, *The Ghost in the Machine*], I've tried to account for man's creativity and his geno-suicidal madness, the two sides of the coin minted by the evolutionary process.

"As for me, you can see a certain line of development. A wavy line—with detours to look at Zen Buddhism and other Eastern alternatives to Western thought—but a line. I had to go to a deeper level: to the scientific and psychological reasons for irrational behavior and the mess we have made of human history. Besides, I had never given up my childhood, pre-political interest in science. You see, there is a discontinuity in the *type* of books I've written, but no discontinuity in my mind about them. There is only a shift of approach, from the *apparent* practicality of politics to the *apparent* abstraction of my present work."

GEORGE FEIFER

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at telling a story. One story that seems to attract him is that of the brilliant genius, the true original, who is cold-shouldered and misunderstood by the Establishment. This is an important element of the high-romantic view of scholarship; another is that the "creativity and pathology of the human mind are, after all, two sides of the same medal." Or, alternatively, that genius and insanity are somehow cognate.

I very much doubt if either opinion would stand up to critical scrutiny. Nearly all great geniuses are recognized in their own lifetimes, but of course we tend to remember only the exceptions. Moreover, high genius is distinguished by a high, clear sanity that casts its light all around it. In the absence of any conceivable "control experiment," we cannot say for certain, though we may very well surmise, that Nietzsche and Schumann, for instance, would have risen to even greater heights if their minds had been unclouded by manic or depressive tendencies.

Koestler is a great campaigner, too. Very often I have got the impression from his writings that, where they should by rights be cool and deeply analytical, they are, in reality, Koestler's part in a dialogue with an unseen disputant—someone who takes a bit of convincing and needs all of Koestler's considerable persuasive powers.

This book will be best appreciated by those who already know Koestler's work. It is in one sense a true reflection of the man, for it will delight or exasperate its readers in proportion to the delight or exasperation they derive from the writing of Koestler himself. □

FRASER YOUNG
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CAWSFDMA RC IFG
WDCI PRBRMG MDRCG
IFHI FHC GBGL
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GHL DY WHM.

—G.W. YDLCIGL

Halfway to the Bicentennial

1876
by Gore Vidal
Random House, 364 pp., $10

Reviewed by Justin Kaplan

As their country neared the completion of its first 100 years of political existence, several prominent Americans expressed doubts about whether the great democratic experiment had been worth all the fuss and trouble to begin with. At one end of the social and cultural scale, the patrician James Russell Lowell railed against "the land of broken promise" and suspected that Abraham Lincoln's government of, by, and for the people was on its way to becoming a "kakistocracy"—a system of government conducted "for the benefit of knaves at the cost of fools." It was with low expectations that he went to Cincinnati in June 1876 as a delegate to the Republican National Convention. At the other end of the scale, Walt Whitman, whom Lowell despised, lamented "the depravity of the business classes of our country" and described society and politics in the Gilded Age as "canker'd, crude, superstitious, and rotten." Located somewhere in the middle, Mark Twain—who makes an extended appearance in Gore Vidal's *1876*—said that "the present era of moral rottenness is not Democratic, it is not Republican, it is *national*."

The centennial year itself turned out to be worse than the worst forebodings of these men. It was "probably the low point in our republic's history," Vidal says in an afterword, the most disordered and dismaying 12 months in American political life until Watergate came along. The year opened with the second Grant administration collapsing under the weight of successive scandals, moved on to a House Judiciary Committee investigation of the Republican hopeful James G. Blaine, and ended with a bitterly disputed Presidential election involving fraud on both sides along with dark talk —and some actual signs—of a resort to military force. Meanwhile, the self-congratulatory spirit of the great Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia had been dampened by tidings about Custer and his army at Little Big Horn.

These are among the backgrounds and events that Gore Vidal—with an eye on current patriotic observances, and also on an earlier novel about the period, Henry Adams's *Democracy*—renders in *1876*. Lacking the mesmerizing hero of his *Burr*, a fallen archangel, Vidal tries to make do, not altogether satisfactorily, with his fictional Charley Schuyler, a holdover from *Burr* and a relatively thin and predictable character. Charley, in Vidal's fiction, is Burr's illegitimate son, but he is clearly no Burr, whose private and public history were extraordinary and whose conversation enchanted three generations of Americans and Europeans. After nearly half a century abroad, Charley has returned on the eve

of the centennial to ply his trade as political journalist, to angle for an appointment as U.S. minister to France, and, urgently, to provide for his declining years by arranging a rich marriage for his daughter. His country, he quickly decides, has become a "vigorous, ugly, turbulent realm devoted to moneymaking by any means. Certainly, if true justice were meted out to one and all, impartially, most of the congressmen would be in prison while Mrs. Astor's parties would be decimated at the very least."

Age, experience, and expatriation have made Schuyler over into an aristocrat whose contempt for democracy is of the sort fashionable in England at the time. His fastidious, often poisonous distaste extends to nearly every aspect of American politics, society, and manners—except, as shown in several entertaining episodes, the fancier sporting-houses and the cigarstore-front brothels that appear to have been such a winning and convenient feature along lower Broadway.

Vidal's tour of high society and polit-

Justin Kaplan, who won a Pulitzer Prize and a National Book Award for Mr. Clemens and Mark Twain, *is now writing a biography of Walt Whitman.*

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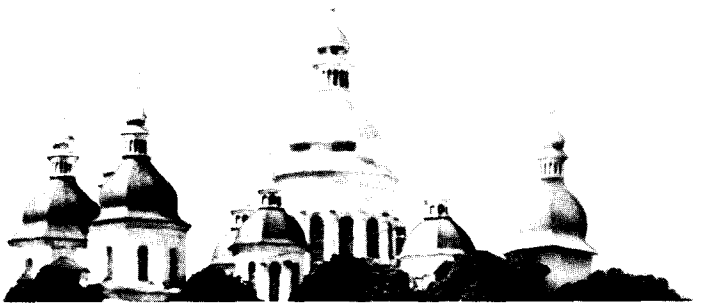
ical power-centers in the America of 1876 demands a double dislocation in time. Charley, somewhat self-pityingly, sees himself as a Rip Van Winkle awakened from the long sleep of European self-exile to a present—or, worse, a future—he scarcely glimpsed even in his bad dreams. Readers of *1876*, on the other hand, are transported backward into the historical past, somewhat in the manner of Jack Finney's story about life in the New York of 1882, *Time and Again*. They are also exposed to a series of tableaux linked by a narrative that is, in the most limited sense, a period piece—something *Burr* was not. *1876*, thin on character but painstaking in backgrounds, is not exactly a novel, in any developed sense; it is not a free historical fantasy, like Doctorow's *Ragtime*; and I'm not sure it's a fair picture of 1876 either, for Vidal, understandably, tends to focus on the more colorful stereotypes and leave out the fact that the Gilded Age was not all vulgarity and ostentation. Some of his material has perhaps been a little too overworked by popular historians of the period to have as much freshness here as he would wish for it.

Nevertheless, his pastiche of fact and invention is engaging, especially when furnished with such vivid participants as the politicians Grant, Garfield, Tilden, and Blaine, assorted writers and journalists, and a number of celebrities, among them Madame Restell, the doyenne of New York abortionists, Mrs. Astor, the doyenne of New York society, and the master of her leaden revels, Ward McAllister. Vidal, as always, has an undoubted instinct for the intricacies of political maneuver, and he shows this in his orchestration of the attack on Blaine, and in that "Plumed Knight's" silver-tongued but not-quite-to-the-point self-defense on the floor of the House. Vidal is especially sympathetic to James Gordon Bennett, the boozy publisher of the *New York Herald* who quit the United States for good after a male relation of his fiancée horsewhipped him for having urinated in her front parlor. In its symbolic meaning, at any rate, Bennett's gesture is consistent with a comment that Mark Twain, drinking a Scotch old-fashioned at Delmonico's, makes to Charley Schuyler. In Vidal's version, Mark Twain—a "hurt Caliban"—is presumably talking about Americans and the American scene in general in the year 1876. "I can't satirize anything at the moment. . . . I want to take a stick, an axe, a club, and smash it all to bits." □



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War in the Shadows

A Man Called Intrepid

by William Stevenson
Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 486 pp., $12.95

Bodyguard of Lies

by Anthony Cave Brown
Harper & Row, 947 pp., $15.95

Reviewed by Hanson W. Baldwin

As *A Man Called Intrepid* and *Bodyguard of Lies* demonstrate in detail, World War II was one long field day for experts on the dark underside of warfare. Most shadow-war operations fairly bristled, of course, with dirty tricks and rough stuff—dart guns, plastic explosives, and garrotes improvised from lengths of fishing line. But the really effective coups were far more subtly planned—by command-level covert-warfare types who specialized in throwing the enemy off-balance, faking him into covering one flank while the "friendlies" were striking at his other flank.

One of the uglier forms of such psy-war "disinformation" was the planting in neutral countries of atrocity stories or slanted news items calculated to outrage public opinion against your enemy and to stampede the neutrals into coming over to your side. *A Man Called Intrepid* tells the story of William Stephenson, Britain's top covert intelligence man in the United States during World War II. Stephenson (no relation to William Stevenson, author of the book) was a quiet Canadian known in top-secret circles by his code-name, "Intrepid." From 1940 to 1945, Intrepid operated out of an inconspicuous office in New York City's Rockefeller Center. His network, called British Security Coordination, "ran" thousands of covert-war agents, many of them active in the United States, Canada, and Bermuda.

Intrepid's mission—and the book makes no bones about this—was to persuade, push, or coerce the U.S. government into open belligerency toward the Axis and then to use any and every stratagem to defeat the enemy. To these ends, the gloves were off—the planting of forged documents, the breaking up of pro-Nazi rallies, economic warfare, and any other means, fair or foul, were justified.

The book tells us, for instance, that with or without the connivance of American officials (notably FDR and J. Edgar Hoover), British agents, operating on American soil before the United States entered the war, successfully fed information—some true, some tinctured, all of it propaganda—to the American press. They also discredited, or attempted to discredit, not only pro-German Americans, but any and all prominent, influential isolationists or neutralists, including John L. Lewis, Sen. Burton K. Wheeler, and others. The tapping of communications, the interception of mail, illegal entry, thievery, blackmail, and even the tacitly acknowledged murder of one or more American citizens on American soil—these are practically flaunted as part and parcel of the secret war. Inevitably, the reader is revolted by Stephenson's British Security Coordination office and its manipulation of American public opinion.

BUT THE BOOK is much more than a dirty-tricks laundry list. Stephenson, the book states, was involved in every aspect of covert operations, including code-breaking. The author claims that Stephenson was a middleman and courier between Roosevelt and Churchill, particularly prior to Pearl Harbor; that he had a close coequal relationship with Gen. William Donovan of the OSS; and that he enjoyed a fraternal (if sometimes prickly) association with J. Edgar Hoover.

More than a James Bond true-life thriller, *A Man Called Intrepid* is a defense of secret intelligence operations of all kinds. Intrepid himself in the forward states flatly (and correctly) that in order to ensure survival in a "world of undeclared hostilities, . . . intelligence is an essential weapon, perhaps the most important." The alternative, in this age when the CIA has become "the chief target of those who would summarily disarm us," is—says Stephenson—to negate intelligence, and throw out the baby with the bath.

Stevenson's book adds to our knowledge of the underground war, but it is far from unflawed, in either purpose or style. Stevenson blows Intrepid up

Hanson W Baldwin is the author most recently of The Crucial Years, *a study of World War II*

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bigger than life, assigning him a far larger role than any yet ascribed to him by historians. The author implies, for instance, that Stephenson stood at the top of the pyramid of all British secret operations in World War II, a vastly oversimplistic implication. The book makes Intrepid out to be a kind of Colonel House, or Harry Hopkins—an intimate, verging on being an *éminence grise,* of both Roosevelt and Churchill.

This startling claim is, of course, not easy to refute, for Roosevelt, especially, was a man who loved to hide his hand. And in the case of Intrepid he would have had a lot of hand to hide, for if Stevenson is right about Roosevelt's close relationship with Intrepid's dirty tricks, the President was committing impeachable offenses.

But the book's case for Intrepid as a mover and shaker is greatly weakened by inaccuracies and overstatements, the lack of supporting data, and the author's propensity for verbatim quotation of unrecorded conversations that took place 30 years ago. Even though Stephenson's meetings with Roosevelt were clandestine, it still seems curious that there is no mention at all of Intrepid in FDR's papers. (The archivists at Hyde Park had never heard of Stephenson or "Intrepid" until this reviewer asked them.) And the printed memoirs of high-level secret-war veterans contain few if any mentions of Intrepid's rendezvous with greatness. (Robert Sherwood in *Roosevelt and Hopkins* mentions Stephenson in one brief and complimentary paragraph.)

THE TITLE of Anthony Cave Brown's *Bodyguard of Lies* comes from Churchill's epigram, "In wartime, truth is so precious that she should always be attended by a bodyguard of lies." *Bodyguard*, of far wider scope and on all counts a better book than Stevenson's *Intrepid*, focuses primarily on the techniques of deception that provided cover for the 1944 Allied landings in Normandy, but it ranges far afield as well. The Allied strategy—variously dubbed "Plan Jael" or "Bodyguard"—was to persuade the Germans to disperse their forces all over Europe and to fool them into thinking the main invasion of the Continent would come through the Pas de Calais area of France, rather than at Normandy. By sending out misleading radio messages, and otherwise drenching Europe with bits and pieces of disinformation, the Bodyguard crew spooked the Germans into believing in nonexistent Allied armies—"led" by, among others, Gen. George S. Patton.

Erwin Rommel never swallowed this ploy, but he was heavily outvoted. So, by Hitler's direct order, the German 15th Army stayed in place north of the Seine, braced for an invasion that never came. In all, some 15 to 20 German divisions were pinned down around Pas de Calais while the Allies were landing at Normandy.

Brown's account of this key operation took 12 years to research and write (though, strangely, British Security Coordination and Stephenson are not even mentioned). It is an exciting and often brilliantly written narrative, and an important addition to the history of World War II. But Brown's book has some of the faults of Stevenson's, though to a much lesser degree. Both too often exaggerate the significance of secret intelligence operations in the defeat of the Axis. True, intelligence often tipped off the Allies about enemy plans—as at Alamein. But both authors tend to forget that this and other battles were nonetheless decided by the fighting men and factory workers rather than by the dirty-tricks departments.

This distortion of perspective is compounded by the essentially British outlook of both books, with their strong emphasis on operations against Germany, and only occasional references to the war in the Pacific. And though both authors—Brown in particular—add to our knowledge of the origins and development of British cryptanalysis (first revealed by F. W. Winterbotham in *The Ultra Secret*), both slight U.S. communications intelligence and confuse rather than clarify what became a U.S.-British team effort.

IN THE END, after reading through these catalogs of deviousness and counterplotting, one must ask, Were these complicated covert operations always worth their cost in men and money? Certainly the price was high: betrayal was commonplace, and the double cross was frequent—even in dealings with one's own agents. The secret service of England clearly played God, with human beings as their puppets.

The crass, expedient handling of the French underground, the tragic, unnecessary British attack on the French fleet at Oran in July 1940 (the latter a Churchillian blunder), together with the imperious British treatment of a prickly de Gaulle—all these left their mark not

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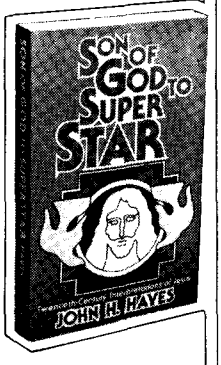

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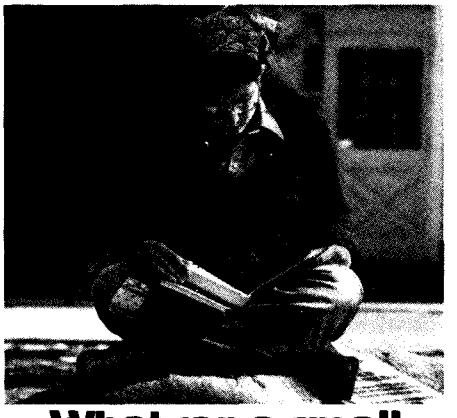

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only in post-war politics but also in the hearts and souls of many Frenchmen, even today. Stevenson, quoting Intrepid, estimates that "at least 24,000" members of the French secret army were executed by the Germans, another 30,000 were "killed in pitched battles with the enemy," and 115,000 were "deported to death camps," from which some 40,000 "returned in various stages of emaciation." The genesis of France as the maverick of NATO dates back to these wartime years. And there were many other debits reflected in the suspicions and mistrusts of the post-war world.

One emerges from the labyrinth of these books with the reluctant feeling that Britain deserved in World War II the appellation "perfidious Albion." Intelligence is vital, but there is little doubt that in World War II the stratagems employed were sometimes so devious and intricate that the right hand did not know what the left hand was doing, that truth became lies and lies truth, that black was white and enemies were friends.

Surely the enemy was sometimes fooled—most of all in Normandy—but was Britain ultimately fooled, too? Did she sell her birthright for a mess of "top-secret" plans? □

New Books

Peculiar Institutions

by Elaine Kendall
Putnam's, 272 pp., $8.95

This anecdotal history of the Seven Sister colleges (Radcliffe, Wellesley, Bryn Mawr, Vassar, Barnard, Smith, and Mount Holyoke) will do nothing to offend the more delicate feminine sensibilities or to inflame the already impassioned hearts of those inclined toward the progressive and radical in education. If the prose is sadly lacking in the elemental imagination that invests true scholarship, it compensates with the wit and fancy of a social raconteur. Possessed of not a little irony, Miss Kendall lets the decades lap and the social mores fall where they may. Her authorities—McCarthy, de Beauvoir, Friedan—are aligned as uncomfortably as crinoline, and her accounts of campus life come forth from mostly anonymous, but wholly ingenious, young females bred for the *bon mot*. If no grand scheme built on the principle of sheer intuition rears its head here, neither does the shrill advocacy of a polemical mind. Miss Kendall's book seeks not to provoke, for it is harmless fun, jejune in its assessments, modest in its intellectual demands.

JOHN F MARIANI

•

Searching for Caleb

by Anne Tyler
Knopf, 320 pp., $8.95

The family as a sealed unit, with an imperious grip on its members through the twin traps of heredity and environment, is the subject of Anne Tyler's newest novel, her sixth. The Pecks, a well-to-do Baltimore clan, are skillfully traced from the founding father down four generations to the single young descendant. The shape of the family tree, as one character notes, is a diamond. Outsiders brought in by marriage do not thrive: the insular Peck personality, a mélange of mediocrity, loyalty, emotional evasion, and impeccable respectability, smothers them or drives them away. In a wry reversal of the thesis that "you can't go home again," *Searching for Caleb* asks instead whether you can ever really get away. The Peck renegades, after the trauma of breaking family ties, are left passive, dry, and remote—still dominated, it would seem, by the tyranny of chromosomes.

Anne Tyler's tone is understated, ironic, and elliptical, which suits her characters well. *Searching for Caleb* rarely gives us heights and depths of emotion or the excitement of discovery, but it does offer the very welcome old-fashioned virtues of a patient, thoughtful chronicle. LYNN SHARON SCHWARTZ

•

Family Feeling

by Helen Yglesias
Dial Press, 309 pp., $8.95

Anne Goddard, the youngest child of Jewish immigrant parents, moves from poverty and anonymity in Brooklyn and Bronx ghettoes to luxury and prominence in left-wing New York intellectual circles. Her passage is charged with conflict and insecurity: the tug of family ties—the deepest, most enigmatic feeling she knows—wars endlessly against her personal and ideological leanings. Through her work and her marriage, Anne chooses a life committed to high-minded, progressive causes; yet she cannot relinquish the ancient bonds with her brother, a business tycoon whose empire and flamboyance represent everything she abhors.

The goals of Helen Yglesias's new novel are obviously ambitious; its subject is sympathetic and, though hardly new, still fertile enough for another thoughtful exploration. Yet *Family Feeling* suffers from a blurring of focus. The welter of incident and character does not veer inevitably toward a culmination, however ambivalent. Time, in Anne's memory, moves back and forth with needless confusion. And the characters, for the most part, lack the precise detail and texture of reality. While one personal destiny is at stake, the book also attempts to be panoramic. Anne's growth is crucially linked to the national traumas of her lifespan: the Depression, the hopeful communism of the late Thirties, World War II, Vietnam, and the rise of brutal, random street crime. The failure to merge successfully the epic and the subjective—admittedly an immense, though possible, task—leaves both aspects unrealized and tantalizing. L.S.S.

•

The TV-Guided American

by Arthur Asa Berger
Walker, 194 pp., $8.95

Mr. Berger's over-rhetorical forays into the nature of the American mind as revealed by television are a good, if by no means new, idea gone astray. Though the work is in parts highly intelligent and on occasion witty, the greater portion of it falters under the various burdens put on it. Not least of these is Mr. Berger's attempt to subject programs like "Star Trek" to New Critical analysis, and to set up charts of "oppositions"—visual aids, as it were—to our understanding of Kung Fu movies. When not undermined by the ludicrous, by the impulse toward inflation of trivia that afflicts students of pop culture—Mr. Berger, indeed, is not a student but a professor of pop culture at San Francisco State College—the work offers some worthwhile observations, notably on children's-television fare and its effects. In short, where Mr. Berger gets away from extravagant claims by indirection (in which, for example, "Mission Impossible" and classic works of history and literature are airily juxtaposed and discussed as sides of the same coin) and concentrates on television as one of the most powerful of our socializing influences, he is worth listening to. These instances, sad to say, are few and far between. DOROTHY RABINOWITZ

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"If this musical runs long enough to generate word of mouth, the word is likely to be 'blah.'"

Photo: Kenn Duncan

"It is not clear how the notion entered the producers' heads that the saga of Joan of Arc had the makings of a musical comedy. At that crazed moment, they should have consulted an exorcist."

Consumerism in the arts; or, theater-going made safe.

Over the years, TIME has become famous for the independence of its critical eye. And for its ability to administer a good, sound spanking when it seemed appropriate.

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TIME

The Weekly Newsmagazine

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Trade Winds

by William Cole

Brutal

It's heartening to see a mass-distribution paperback publisher coming out with a book of original poems: Avon/Bard published *The Long War Dead: An Epiphany* by Bryan Alec Floyd on March 5 at $1.50. Forty-seven poems, each dedicated to a marine who served with the author in Vietnam. And they're brutal, naturally. Here's "Second Lieutenant Parvin Zelmer, U.S.M.C."

The reason he died?
He and the platoon came upon
three Vietnamese children, ages three, five,
and eight,
who were playing with some tied-together
pieces
of nice, shiny plastic that they had found
in the grass.
The Lieutenant stood still
but ordered the rest of the platoon
to fall back.
Then he asked the kids to put their toy,
a double booby trap, down gently,
but they did not understand
and pitched it to him,
and it bounced once and went boom,
gutting all four of them to shredded death:
A Congressman, upon hearing of the
incident
from a news reporter,
asked the reporter one question:
"Was the booby-trap theirs or ours?"
And his question was the answer.

Thriller

Survivor by Marc Brandel (Simon & Schuster, March 8, $7.95) is one of those novels in which, as W. S. Gilbert says, "Things are seldom what they seem." It's a thriller about young Jane Claire, who admires the work of deceased painter Paul Tagliatti and who, through a set of mysterious circumstances, is given the job of cataloging his work. The assignment sends her bopping around, from New York to the south of France to Missouri and eventually to Mexico, and darn near gets her killed. It's a good, intricately plotted story, and I particularly like the author's asides, such as:

I always dislike England when I'm away from it. I spent too many years in boarding schools there. Among other myths which I absorbed at those schools was the idea that children whose parents spoke with identical accents, no matter which part of the country they came from, were a genetically superior group; that marriage and motherhood were a duty for the superior; black immigration was "a pity"; Ireland "a problem"; and Jesus Christ an unfortunate eccentric, but from a very good family. (God the Father, etc.)

Deep South

Mozart Strickland, Felder Spivey, A. Lamar Potts, Herring Sivell, Mayhayley Lancaster! How I love those good old Southern names, all to be found in the true-life *Murder in Coweta County* by Margaret Anne Barnes (Reader's Digest Press/Crowell, March 12, $9.95). We also have such run-of-the-mill names as those of the defendant, John Wallace, and the prosecutor, Myer Goldberg. The scene is rural Georgia in 1948, and the concern is a brutal killing done before witnesses. Will rich, influential John Wallace get away with it? Finding out is a good trip, particularly if you like courtroom stuff. The above-named Mayhayley is, of all things, a contemporary witch. I like the defense lawyer's reply when asked what his courtroom strategy will be: "To lead the witnesses into confusion and the judge into error." And here's a good jailhouse scene:

Back in the corridor Strickland began again —shouting, beating the walls, and shaking the cell bars.

"What's with Strickland?" the jailer said.

"He's working himself up to a confession," Sheriff Potts replied. "He just needs a little more time."

Now Strickland was screaming: "Save me, Jesus! Save me! Lord have mercy, God! Save me! Get me outa here!"

"Sounds to me like he done got religion."

"That's usually the way," Sheriff Potts observed. "When all else fails, then they get religion . . . just long enough to get out of trouble."

What's Funny?

In this foolish world there is nothing
more numerous
Than different people's senses of
humorous.

That's Ogden Nash, who really *was* funny, as you can find out by reading *I Wouldn't Have Missed It*, his selected poems published recently by Little, Brown at $10.95. But I didn't find anything funny in *Dogs*, by that usually funny man Henry Morgan (Houghton Mifflin, April 8, $4.95)—although the drawings by George Booth are terrific. And there certainly aren't any laughs in *5000 Years of Foreplay* by Ira Wallach (Morrow, February 14, $5.95), a take-off on sex manuals that tries too hard and ends up being merely vulgar. But there are plenty of guffaws in *Some Champions*, a collection of hitherto unpublished pieces by Ring Lardner, edited by Matthew J. Bruccoli and Richard Layman, with an introduction by Ring Lardner, Jr. (Scribner's, March 8, $6.95). Included are autobiographical essays, written in Lardnerese, and short stories about baseball, boxing, and newspapering. Here's a passage about the Ancient Mariner from "What I Ought to of Learnt in School":

TEACHER: "Mr. Brown, what is an ancient mariner?"

MR. BROWN: "Why, let's see. It's a it's a kind of a old sailor."

TEACHER: "And what is meant when it says he stoppeth one of three?"

MR. BROWN: "Well well it means it means he stopped a man. They was three men and he stopped one of them, one of the three."

TEACHER: "Mr. Starkweather, what is a loon?"

MR. STARKWEATHER: "It means somebody that is kind of crazy." (*Aside*) "Like a lot of teachers."

(*Laughter from admirers of Mr. Starkweather.*)

TEACHER: "Let's have quiet. Now, Miss Millard, explain the line eftsoons his hand dropt he."

MISS MILLARD: "It means that pretty soon right away he dropped his hand."

MR. STARKWEATHER (*aside*): "He didn't even have a pair." □

"Well, he must be somebody. He always says 'we' instead of 'me.'"

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artsletter

PUBLIC BROADCASTING'S CRYSTAL BALL. In signing the new Public Broadcasting Act, President Ford termed it "a milestone in the history of public broadcasting." The legislation, he said, will allow public broadcasting to "concentrate on being the effective and innovative source of educational and cultural programming which the American people have come to expect." Behind the euphoria lies a complex story, which Artsletter will now try to sort out.

First, the new bill. It authorizes federal funding of up to $634 million for public broadcasting spread out over the next five years. For the first time, public broadcasting has been given a long-range fiscal scenario on which to base long-range plans. But there are two vital "ifs." In order to qualify for $1 of federal funds, public broadcasting must raise $2.50 from other sources (listener subscriptions, foundation grants, corporate underwriting, state and city appropriations, etc.). And in order for public broadcasting to get the funds authorized in the bill, Congress must vote to appropriate the money.

The agency that doles out the money is the Corporation for Public Broadcasting, created in 1967 and headquartered in Washington, D. C. About half of its funds go for "community service grants" to individual public-television and radio stations all over the country. These are no-strings-attached allotments, to be used as each station sees fit. Another large chunk of CPB money goes to non-profit production companies that provide programs for public television--for example, the Children's Television Workshop in New York or the WGBH Educational Foundation in Boston. Finally, CPB is a major source of funding for the Public Broadcasting Service.

Public Broadcasting Service? Yes, that's another organization in another part of Washington--a private, non-profit corporation owned by the stations, with the primary responsibility of interconnecting public-television stations and the secondary one of selecting programming for the system (the word "network" is verboten). PBS has a new president, Lawrence K. Grossman, with a long career in commercial network television. It is expected that he will try to move PBS into a position of more centralized authority over its 264 member stations.

It will be seen that federal funds for public broadcasting are piped through many conduits. The diffusion is purposeful and is meant to assure that he who helps to pay the piper will have no chance of calling the tune. But exactly how much the government will ante up is now under debate. Although the new "milestone" act authorizes an expenditure of $88 million for public broadcasting this year, President Ford has asked Congress to vote only $70 million, in keeping with his hold-the-line budget. Meanwhile, House and Senate appropriations committees are holding hearings on the subject. A vote on the appropriation is not expected until May or June. Doubtless the bottom line will be influenced by what Congress hears from its constituents between now and then.

DANCE NOTES. Some 300 million viewers all over the world are expected to watch Prokofiev's Romeo and Juliet ballet in a TV production taped earlier this year at Moscow's Bolshoi Theater. The leading roles are danced by Natalya Bessmertnova and Mikhail Lavrovsky, son of the ballet's original choreographer. Veteran ballerina Galina Ulanova, who created the role of Juliet, also participates in the telecast during a backstage tour of the Bolshoi. Two TV presentations are being prepared--one of the complete three-act ballet and a shorter version that runs about two hours. American viewers will see the latter over the CBS-TV network in June . . . The Dancers' Fund has been set up to provide professional dancers in

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this country with low-interest (or even no-interest) loans in times of emergencies and needs. Covington Hardee, chairman of the committee administering the fund, notes that "dancers experience difficulty in obtaining loans and assistance through channels normally available to professionals who are more regularly employed and more highly paid." Monies for the fund are coming from foundation and corporate grants as well as from benefit performances by ballet companies . . . In recognition of "a truly indigenous art form," the Mellon Foundation has made a grant of $1.4 million to be divided among 10 American modern-dance companies. The Martha Graham and Alvin Ailey companies head the list, each receiving $200,000 . . . When the Metropolitan Opera leaves New York next month on the annual spring tour, its house at Lincoln Center will become headquarters for a 16-week season of ballet sponsored by Hurok Concerts. Britain's Royal Ballet opens the season on April 19 for a four-week engagement, followed by the Royal Danish Ballet (May 18 to June 5), American Ballet Theater (June 7 to 26, including the company's first full-length Sleeping Beauty), a "Russian Festival" directed by Igor Moiseyev (June 28 to July 17), and Canada's National Ballet (July 20 to August 7).

ARTS BRIEFS. W. H. Auden's last home--in Kirchstetten, Austria--will be open to the public later this year after renovations have been completed. Funding comes from the provincial government of Lower Austria . . . Minnesota artists are to cooperate with the Minneapolis Institute of Arts in mounting a series of exhibitions featuring their own work. It is said to be the first ongoing program in a major American museum that gives artists a voice in the organization of exhibitions . . . Florida poet and environmentalist Wade Van Dore would like to hear from other writers and artists who are concerned about the environment and interested in signing a "declaration of dependence on nature," to be promulgated in July. Address: 62 Somerset Street, Clearwater Beach, Fla. 33515 . . . The Institute for Project Studies in Germany has been surveying attitudes toward that country's numerous and heavily subsidized opera companies. Its figures indicate that 66 percent of the population favors continuing the subsidies at their present level even though only one German in five attends a performance of musical theater during the course of a year.

ROLAND GELATT

NSLA News

INDIAN DRAWINGS. A special showing of the "Indian Drawings" exhibition described by Katharine Kuh elsewhere in this issue (page 33) has been scheduled for NSLA members living in the Boston area. Through special arrangements with the Friends of the Fogg Art Museum, Prof. Milo Beach of Williams College will take members on a guided lecture tour of the exhibit on April 7 at 8:00 P.M. Those wishing to attend the lecture and view the exhibit on April 7 should write to the Secretary, Friends of the Fogg Art Museum, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass. 02138. Attendance is limited, and reservations will be made in order of receipt. Admission is free to NSLA members.

TOURS. A Shakespeare Festival Tour with SR theater critic Henry Hewes as lecturer-guide is planned for the period June 26–July 9. The tour will include performances at the Shakespeare Festival in Central Park, New York; the American Shakespeare Theater in Stratford, Conn.; the Canadian Shakespeare Theater in Stratford, Ontario; and the Shakespeare Memorial Theater at Stratford-on-Avon in England. Backstage visits, discussions with cast members, and seminars with Shakespeare scholars are also on the agenda. For information, write to NSLA at address below.

REMINDER. Book and Author Forum, March 9, Lotos Club, 5 East 66th St., N.Y.

National Society of Literature and the Arts, 488 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

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Intimate Annals From India

by Katharine Kuh

I am not sure why an exhibition of 80 "Indian Drawings and Painted Sketches" from the 16th through the 19th centuries so completely enthralled me. Was mine a purely personal reaction sparked by a love-hate obsession for the country itself? No other expanse of earth, except Alaska, has left me as emotionally enslaved. The two lands are light-years apart—one geologically and spiritually young, intemperate, thrusting out with heedless energy; the other age-worn, depleted, and gripped by compensating fanaticisms. The Indian drawings have a strong metaphysical involvement that gives their small, often scarred surfaces an extraordinary power.

The exhibition was organized jointly by Asia House Gallery in New York and the Fogg Art Museum in Cambridge, where it will open on March 21 before going on to the Asian Art Museum of San Francisco from May 10 to June 20 (the show is just closing at Asia House). Selected by Stuart Cary Welch, senior lecturer in fine arts at Harvard University, these little-known drawings—a number lent anonymously by Mr. Welch, who has been on their trail for over a decade—are accompanied by a catalog (again from Mr. Welch) full of interesting, off-beat information. The survey is important for many reasons and should not be underestimated because the works involved are modest. Indian drawings, often influenced by miniature styles, are normally small. They demand patient unraveling, for, unlike Indian sculpture, they are neither monumental nor aggressive. In addition, they are often complicated by an iconography unfamiliar to Western eyes.

Even when definition is weak and line hesitant (rare in an exhibition of frequent virtuosity) the content comes through with overriding intensity. Take, for example, a scene called *Strange Happenings on a Terrace*, and, indeed, strange they are. Two awkwardly articulated musicians, viewed against a river backdrop, are impassively biting into the same flying fish. What this enigmatic activity represents is anyone's guess, but its eerie impact is undeniable. No less baffling is another primitive 18th-century sketch, entitled *Factory at Work*, in which numerous men, seen always in profile, are busy concocting an unidentified product, possibly perfume. The scene pulsates with hordes of insects that infiltrate every available space and at the same time create a patterned background reminiscent of present-day India. Only a few years ago, a visit at sundown to a temple compound in Calcutta was accompanied by such a cloud of mosquitoes as to produce a curtain of torment. A late 19th-century drawing in the show, *Woman and Parrot*, was one of a large group sold to pilgrims as souvenirs for only a few pennies at this same temple complex 100 years ago. Here the sensuous arabesques are worthy of Matisse

The present exhibition is the first comprehensive survey of Indian drawings ever assembled and is remarkable for its variety Bold, delicate, and shaded contours define portrait, religious, animal, genre, court, landscape, and fantastic scenes. The group comprises finished drawings, spontaneous sketches, cartoons for wall paintings, unfinished miniatures, and invaluable documentary material From beginning to end it is, par excellence, an esthetic and historic record of four centuries in Indian life. Not infrequently, the irrefutable masterpieces (of which there are a sizable number) come from the earlier years, from the Mughal period of the 16th and 17th centuries, when two ardent patrons of art, the Emperor Akbar the Great and later his son, Jahangir, ruled India.

Lion Hunt—*"Filled with snarling frenzy."*

The draftsmen of Akbar's time were aware of Persian art, and, in fact, some of them were imported from that country, but the Emperor was too strong a

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personality to accept sterile imitation. His was a liberated spirit; he advocated realism while yet admiring the disciplined accomplishments of Persia. Sweeping aside rigid conventions, the artists of his court introduced direct contact with their own world. And though their line was no less tender, pure, and sure than that of their Iranian neighbors, early Mughal painters frequently broke with accepted hieratic rules. Theirs was an official art that defied officialdom. Typical is a drawing called *A Miserable Horse, Man, and Dog*, a 16th-century evocation of stark hunger that can, alas, be duplicated repeatedly in present-day India. Three emaciated creatures, paradoxically conceived with the utmost linear elegance, spell starvation and epitomize a condition still endemic throughout the country. Three years ago in Aurangabad I saw the same parched earth, the same bony travesties of man and beast. Four hundred years have intervened, but surprisingly little has changed.

AND THAT, of course, is why this exhibition is especially relevant. The past *is* the present in India. Most ancient monuments have not been reduced to archeology but are still functioning as integral parts of Hindu life. Other drawings from Akbar's reign are equally pertinent today, though sometimes understated. It is this combination of refined line and direct confrontation with the subject that gives these Mughal works their independent style. In a scene of ungainly dervishes depicted with no blemish omitted, the landscape is ironically idyllic. Trees blossom and expand, their roots spreading like nervous tendons. Technically the drawing is flawless; here only man is marred. From the same period a *Composite Elephant With Demons* out-Bosches Bosch. A magnifying glass (several were available at Asia House) is necessary if all the intricate complexities are to be explored. Within the contour of a massive elephant's body, myriad overlapping, part-animal, part-human grotesques energize each other. Mr. Welch suggests they may be "visualizations of earth spirits." Like Bosch's inventions, they were seemingly dredged up from unconscious depths.

As for elephants, the exhibition is amply supplied with images of this animal —one that has long played an important role in Indian art. There are playful versions, warlike, ritualistic, and humorous ones. The beasts, which cavort, fight, make love, and parade rhythmically, have been observed so minutely that they emerge more as individual personalities than as members of a species. Everywhere animals in action are interpreted with freedom and fury. Even a "scientific" study of a locust takes on menacing overtones as it dominates the surrounding landscape.

An unfinished 18th-century sketch of a *Lion Hunt* from Rajasthan is filled with snarling frenzy, and yet the rich vegetation and swooping outlines of the animals add an unexpected decorative lilt. Careful search of the picture reveals a retinue of hunters hidden among the trees. Even today, one is constantly struck in India by how closely man and landscape merge, the former often taking on the mythic coloration of his natural surroundings. I remember a woman sitting on the beach at Puri; in one reclining gesture she folded her sari around her and melted into the sand. In numerous drawings,illuminating details come to light only after persistent probing. A topographical view of a mountain in Kashmir finally yields tiny images of pilgrims plodding toward a distant shrine, the human figures becoming one with vegetation and rocks.

Lent by the National Museum, New Delhi

Woman and Parrot—*"Sensuous arabesques worthy of Matisse."*

Because drawings are commonly more personal, fragmentary, and impromptu than paintings and sculpture, they are also more informal. Many of these Indian sheets have suffered considerable damage and have later been laboriously pieced together. Doubtless more are now lost than still remain, which makes the present exhibition doubly noteworthy. In it, humor and symbolism often exist side by side, with stronger emphasis on humor than is generally found in Hindu art, probably because drawings were looked on as expendable and were consequently permitted comparative latitude. Draftsmen took liberties, and, tongue in cheek, even lampooned their society. Caricatures, such as a drawing of several drunken musicians, or another depicting a tipsy floozy, are characteristic exaggerations, but there are also more subtle forms of humor. In a meticulous early 19th-century sketch by the Rajasthan painter Chokha, the traditional tale of two frustrated Hindu lovers is enlivened by pairs of beaming, embracing, mutually admiring animals. Two snakes intercoil; two horses gaze soulfully at one another; a monkey grooms its mate. All is love and togetherness. The small tapestry-like composition adds up to a maze of indulgent humanistic details camouflaged by animal representations.

It is scarcely surprising that Hindu artists, far more than Mughal ones, interpreted man through his animal counterparts, since Hindu gods are forever taking on the guises of beasts and birds. Symbolism of one sort or another, whether buried in complicated mythology or concerned with elemental urges, is pervasive, and makes the understanding of art by outsiders a complicated affair. In a land where countless deities with thousands of attributes and embodiments proliferate into a tangled pantheon, paintings, carvings, and drawings are rarely isolated esthetic experiences, for almost invariably they are concomitants of a complex theology. Hindu believers, more than those of other sects, accept realistically the human foibles of their gods. How comforting to find Krishna spying on and flirting shamelessly with the young *gopis* (cow girls). How reassuring to know the gods approve of and freely participate in those violent passions that most religions prohibit. After all, as long as man invents his own faith, why not be practical and make it human?

IN THE END, however, it is the early Mughal drawings that haunt me. The more unconventional they are, the more eloquent. Usually free of any unneces-

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sary detail and executed in delicate line, these fragile scenes are nearly impossible to reproduce successfully. I think especially of two—the tiny incantation of *Inayat Khan, Dying* and the small portrait of a *Holy Man Meditating*. In both cases specific individuals are represented, but they are seen as more than separate identities. *Inayat Khan, Dying* becomes a generalization of all death, decay, and dissolution. This favorite of Jahangir, reputedly an opium addict, is shown the day before he died as a skeletal figure propped up on a cushioned divan, its plump curves a foil for his shriveled body. As for the *Holy Man Meditating*—here in capsule form is the condensation of all trancelike worship. A naked yogi, drawn with lines of seductive sensitivity, is seated on a rug and engaged in rapt introspection. Both scenes are indictments of worldly materialism; both are marvels of terse expressionism.

New York, and for that matter the entire country, owes a debt of gratitude to Asia House Gallery, for there are few institutions that can be counted on for such uninterrupted excellence. As its director, Allen Wardwell, points out, the gallery is fortunately small enough to maintain exemplary standards of scholarship in an ambience of intimacy. It concerns itself exclusively with the art of Asia, a seemingly inexhaustible source, especially, as Mr. Wardwell says, if the gallery continues to focus on such specific concentrations as the current Indian drawing show. Exhibition installations are initiated by Cleo Nichols, who without exception respects the material on view. No tricks, no commercialism, taint his designs. The small Indian drawings were so sympathetically spaced and lighted that, never overwhelmed by their surroundings, they emerged as unique entities and together created an interrelated dialogue. □

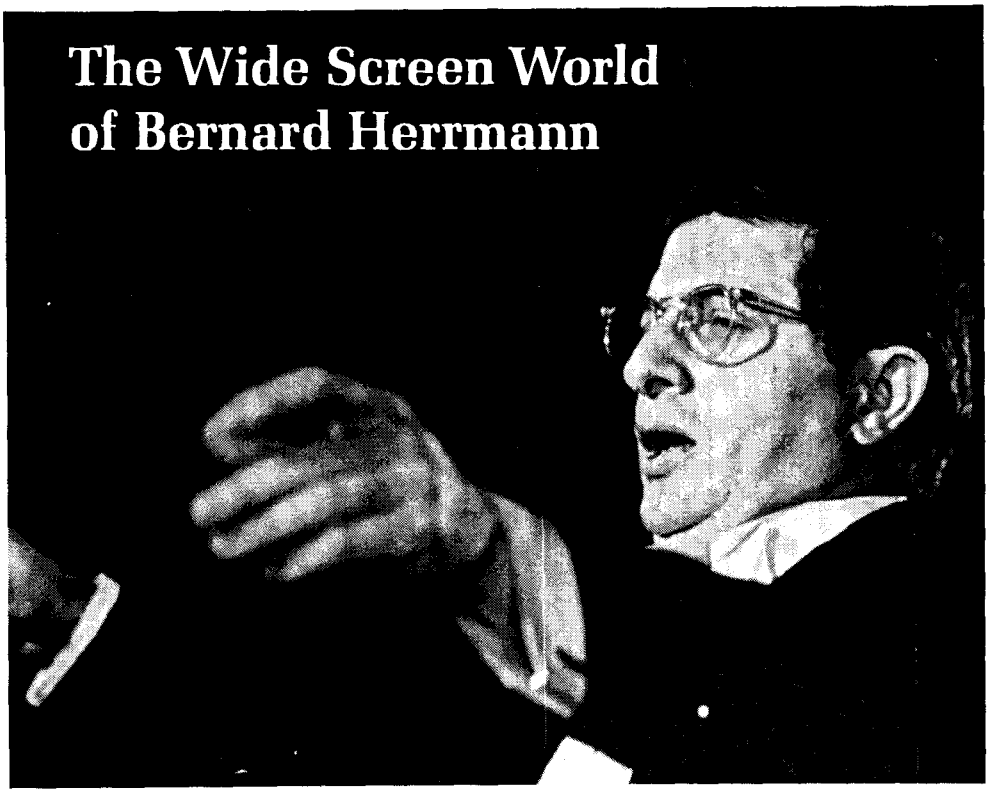
[See NSLA News, page 32, for details of a private Boston showing of this exhibit.]

ANSWER TO MIDDLETON DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 92

(DAVID) DAVIES: (THE) CENTENARIANS OF THE ANDES

Domestic animals seem to live a long time here. A dog is said to have reached the age of thirty-seven at Vilcabamba; a donkey was still working at San Pedro at the age of twenty-two the last time I was there—and that is old for a donkey, especially a South American one.

The Wide Screen World of Bernard Herrmann



by Irving Kolodin

Bernard Herrmann, who died in Los Angeles recently, aged 64, just hours after completing his 61st film score [for *Taxi Driver*, see page 42], was the personification of a man who carves out an unconventional career for himself because his gifts cannot be accommodated in a conventional one. A native of New York's Stuyvesant area (14th Street, east) whose education included New York University and Juilliard, Herrmann spent the last 20 years of his life living and working in London, where his kind of eccentricity and quirky mentality was readily understood, indeed relished.

When we first met, in the early Thirties, Herrmann was one of a group of young composers who derived mental sustenance and artistic encouragement from (the older) Aaron Copland. Among them were Jerome Morross, Arthur V. Berger, Irwin Heillner, Lehmann Engel, and, of course, "Benny" (as Herrmann was known even then). He had conducting as well as composing aspirations, and unquestionably knew more esoteric and unusual music than any other person of his age I ever met.

Peter Warlock (the pen name for Philip Heseltine), Frederick Delius, Gustav Holst, and Elizabeth Maconchy were among his enthusiasms, a fact that betrayed a bent for the Anglican which would, eventually, shape his life. He alluded from time to time to the then all-but-unknown Charles Ives, a wealthy insurance broker–composer. Benny had stumbled upon a collection of the 114 Ives songs in a public library and had been both stimulated and perplexed by some of them. A letter to the composer brought an invitation to lunch and the beginning of an association that endured for years. When the Cowells published their biography of Ives, it was Benny who reviewed it in these pages (*SR*, January 15, 1955).

Herrmann's Eton and Oxford was the now all-but-forgotten world of commercial radio, with its sponsored programs of popular and light classical music offered under such names as the "Hoffmann Ginger Ale Hour" or "Cresta Blanca" or whoever else was spending money on a musical program. He was then an assistant conductor to John Green, a prime authority on such program content. In standing in for Green as a rehearsal conductor (for Von Suppé's *Poet and Peasant* overture, or an Offenbach medley), Herrmann was called upon to deal with such musicians as the Dorsey brothers, Artie Shaw, Bunny Berrigan, and others who would become household names with the on-

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set of the big-band era a few years later. They were already well-paid specialists in studio work who could, as the classic ad had it, "read, fake, or double."

The dialogue was often pointed, the pace of the exchanges brisk. On one occasion it went like this:

Herrmann to clarinet player: "Who told you you could play clarinet?"

Benny Goodman to assistant conductor: "Who told you you could conduct?"

A young conductor who could endure this kind of indoctrination was well prepared to make his way in the world of commercial music. He was quickly educated in the musical practicalities not taught at Juilliard. A few years later Herrmann became a staff conductor at CBS (where much of this apprenticeship had been served).

WHEN HE WAS in New York some months ago to oversee final steps in the processing of his score for Brian de Palma's *Obsession*, Herrmann—obviously weakened by the aftereffects of a stroke, and sometimes made distraught by the medication that had been prescribed for him—was ruminating on the differences between radio then and now. "I wrote, arranged, and conducted scores for more than 1,200 radio programs, including the Columbia Workshop, the American School of the Air, and Orson Welles's Mercury Theater. About 1935, I helped convince William Paley that it was important for CBS to expand its staff orchestra for broader musical purposes. I also persuaded him that since we weren't in the concert business we could afford to program new music and obscure old music that the public might not otherwise hear. Eventually, when the NBC Symphony under Toscanini was playing Beethoven and Brahms, we gave our listeners Ives, Copland, Villa-Lobos, Hindemith, and Prokofiev." Older listeners will remember, with affectionate and kind thoughts, the sense of discovery that attended tuning in one of Herrmann's "Invitation to Music" broadcasts and hearing a young singer from Willimantic, Conn., named Eileen Farrell as the new "house" soprano.

His work with Welles's Mercury Theater led Herrmann, by a natural extension of activity, into the career for which he is best remembered. When Welles went west to do *Citizen Kane*, he asked Herrmann to take a leave of absence from CBS to do the score for it. By this time (1940) Herrmann had furthered his career as a serious composer by creating a cantata on *Moby Dick*, which John Barbirolli had performed with the New York Philharmonic; he had sharpened his craftsmanship as both a conductor and an arranger (in doing the 1,200 radio programs previously mentioned); and he was professionally ready for whatever he might be called upon to do.

What he was called upon to do in *Kane*—in mood-setting and tonal commentary—was precisely what his agile, well-informed, unconventional musical mind was born to do. In a long afterview (1975 looking back on 1940), Herrmann said during his last New York visit: "Orson was wonderful to work with, although a lot of people were afraid to work with him because he's enormously talented and completely unpredictable. *Kane*, in my opinion, was totally misunderstood. It's not really a picture about Hearst: it's a picture about wealth and power. And if it's a portrait at all, it's a composite portrait of Orson Welles and Harold McCormick [of the reaper family], who financed the Chicago Opera Company for a second-rate soprano named Ganna Walska." It was Herrmann's function to make the musical side of *Kane* as persuasive as the visual; at a time when much Hollywood music was the prod-

A Bernard Herrmann Discography

Herrmann Compositions

The Fantasy Film World of Bernard Herrmann (National Philharmonic Orchestra, London Phase 4, SP 44207)
Journey to the Center of the Earth; The Seventh Voyage of Sinbad; The Day the Earth Stood Still; Fahrenheit 451

Music From Great Film Classics (London Philharmonic, London Phase 4, SP 44144)
The Snows of Kilimanjaro; Citizen Kane; The Devil and Daniel Webster; Jane Eyre

Music From Great Movie Thrillers (London Philharmonic, London Phase 4, SP 44126)
Psycho; Marnie; North by Northwest; Vertigo; The Trouble With Harry

Moby Dick (Vocalists and London Philharmonic, Pye Records, TPLS 13006)

The Mysterious World of Bernard Herrmann (National Philharmonic Orchestra, London Phase 4, SP 21137)
Mysterious Island; Jason and the Argonauts; The Three Worlds of Gulliver

Symphony (London Philharmonic, Unicorn, RHS 331)

Wuthering Heights (Vocalists and Pro Arte Orchestra, Pye Records, CSCL 30173/1-4)

Compositions by Other Composers, Conducted by Herrmann

Great British Film Scores (National Philharmonic Orchestra, London Phase 4, SP 21149)
Anna Karenina, by Constant Lambert; *Oliver Twist*, by Sir Arnold Bax; *The Ideal Husband*, by Arthur Benjamin; *Escape Me Never*, by Sir William Walton; *The Shape of Things to Come*, by Sir Arthur Bliss

Holst (London Philharmonic, London Phase 4, SPC 21049)
The Planets

The Impressionists (London Philharmonic, London Phase 4, SPC 21062)
Gymnopédies I, II, by Satie; *Claire de Lune* and *La plus que lente*, by Debussy; *Five O'Clock Fox Trot*, by Ravel; *Pavane*, by Fauré; *Pastorale d'Eté*, by Honeger

Ives (London Philharmonic, London Phase 4, SPC 21086)
Symphony No. 2

Music From Great Shakespearean Films (National Philharmonic Orchestra, London Phase 4, SPC 21137)
Richard III, by Sir William Walton; *Hamlet*, by Shostakovich; *Julius Caesar*, by M. Rosza

Raff, Joachim (London Philharmonic, Nonesuch, H-71287)
Symphony No. 5 in E ("Leonore")

Satie and His Friend Darius Milhaud (London Festival Players, London Phase 4, SPC 21094)
Saudades do Brasil, by Milhaud; *Adventures of Mercury*, by Satie; *La Belle Eccentrique*, by Satie; *Jack in the Box*, by Satie

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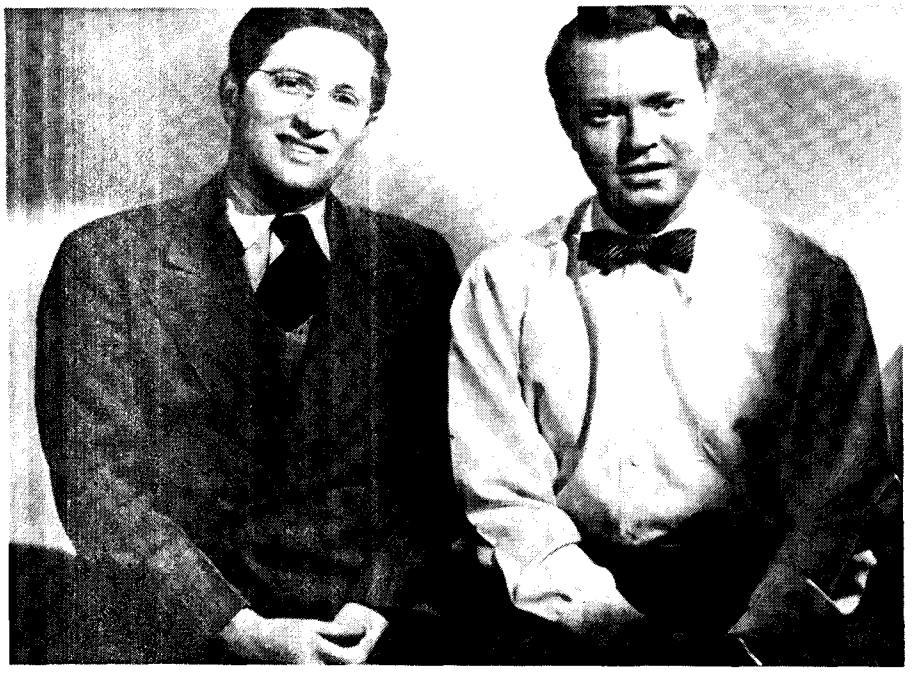
uct mostly of hacks, Herrmann's young, well-stocked mind was guided—by an intuitive understanding of the medium—to superior results.

The réclame of *Kane* brought Herrmann the opportunity to score another of the great film classics of that period: William Dieterle's screen version of Stephen Vincent Benét's *The Devil and Daniel Webster* (it was retitled *All That Money Can Buy*, doubtless because Douglas Moore's operatic version was already in being, and the title was unavailable). Here Herrmann was given total latitude to depict the New England background of Daniel Webster's time (1830–1850) as imaginatively as he could. Those who are today seeing *All That Money Can Buy* for the first time are also hearing—in Herrmann's projection of Mr. Scratch as a fiddler (the Devil's traditional instrument), in the sound of Jabez Stone's "soul" imprisoned in the Devil's snuffbox, or in the rousing sleigh ride—the kind of innovative sound-crafting that earned him an Academy Award in 1941.

Those filmgoers are not, however—save by recourse to the records listed herewith—hearing *Moby Dick* or the symphony Herrmann wrote about this time (1941). He returned to New York to his rewarding work at CBS, conducted the New York Philharmonic at the Lewisohn Stadium (not well), and composed. He took a film project when it interested him (*The Magnificent Ambersons* in 1942, and *Jane Eyre* in 1944, both with Welles; *Hangover Square* in 1945; *Anna and the King of Siam* in 1946). *Ambersons* contains an attitude toward film sound tracks that was typical of Herrmann: rather than imitating a 19th-century waltz for turn-of-the-century flavor, he utilized Waldteufel's little-known *Toujours ou Jamais* in all its authenticity, thereupon using it for variations of his own. His two musical lives were joined in the aftermath of *Jane Eyre*, which led him deep into the world of the Brontës. From this emerged a four-act opera based on *Wuthering Heights* (with a text adapted by Lucille Fletcher—his first wife, and the author of *Sorry, Wrong Number*). Like the symphony, it is a dark, brooding score, not yet produced. When it was finally finished, in the Fifties, he spoke from time to time about a production in San Francisco or at the New York City Opera, but neither matured. Its requirements in male voices (four substantial parts for bass or baritone, and one for tenor), plus his own intransigence about cuts, didn't make the way easier.



Herrmann and Welles—"An intuitive understanding of the medium."

DID HERRMANN, as I have heard some say, "sell out" to the films rather than pursuing a more rigorous career as a conductor-composer, or composer-conductor? In my view, no. The path to prominence as a conductor in America was strewn with all the things to which Herrmann was by nature opposed: conformity, deference to patrons and boards of directors, the advice of management, etc. Nor did he have the repertory. Having written two large works without earning encouragement for either, he had fulfilled one creative impulse. He found—in his work with Alfred Hitchcock (which began in 1955 with *The Trouble With Harry*, and went on to include *The Man Who Knew Too Much*, *Vertigo*, *North by Northwest*, and *Psycho*), and later in *Fahrenheit 451* and *The Bride Wore Black* with François Truffaut—a combination of challenge and fulfillment that was also well paid.

In the interview last year, Herrmann gave voice to a rare expression of artistic attitude, explaining his belief that the function of film music is to tell the audience what the characters are thinking and feeling, to communicate emotions that cannot be expressed by words or visual images. "My theory," he said, "is that any film is made up of a series of montages. Music is the veneer that bonds these montages together into a viable product. Music reaches people emotionally and links the audience in some mysterious way with what is taking place on the screen. Look, I've been in this business 35 years and I *still* don't know all the secrets."

Asked what film scores he regarded as classics, Herrmann paused for a moment, then cited a short list. It included Darius Milhaud's *Madame Bovary*, Alan Rawsthorne's *Uncle Silas*, Dimitri Shostakovich's *Hamlet* (of which a considerable excerpt is included in a Herrmann-conducted entry in the discography), and Serge Prokofiev's *Ivan the Terrible*. "These are all highly individual scores composed by superb artists who understood the visual side of films," he continued, "and they didn't subscribe to rules or cults. A composer who understands the demands of film can look at a rough cut a couple of times and sense, instinctively, what kind of music will be suitable. And a director who understands the relationship between music and film will confine suggestions to technical matters. I turned down *The Exorcist*, for example, because the director wouldn't let me use an organ. He said he didn't want any Catholic-sounding music in the film. Whenever I negotiate for a new project I'm reminded of the time Stravinsky was asked by David Selznick to do a film. 'I'd love to do the score for $100,000,' said Stravinsky. 'We don't spend that kind of money on film *music*,' said Selznick, turning pale. 'Oh,' said Stravinsky, 'You don't understand. My music is cheap. It's my name that's expensive.' "

The equation that Herrmann could

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make between himself and Stravinsky may tell us little about music, but much about its priority in films. *Obsession*, for example, is a study of a man who falls in love with a girl who resembles his dead wife. Herrmann's contribution to the outcome was evaluated by director de Palma in these words: "What a score really accomplishes—if it works—is to make an emotional connection between the audience and the film. Music is not so important in the theater because there you have an intimacy that is built up between the audience and the live actors. But it is essential in film because it's just about the only way you can get the audience totally involved.

"Benny's kind of symphonic music has been superseded in recent years by the salable song, the slick, simple, money-making melody. And a great deal of film music has fallen into the hands of businessmen and recording companies. But Benny was never willing to compromise his artistic standards: when you worked with him, you usually wound up doing things his way. He knew instinctively when a sequence was running too long, or when a piece of action wasn't believable. And he usually made you change it. When we disagreed, which we sometimes did, I told myself that he'd made 60 films and I'd made 9."

My own contacts with Herrmann became infrequent after he left New York in the Fifties (when the CBS Symphony was disbanded) and he went to live elsewhere, first in Hollywood, then in London. When we did meet occasionally, he was heavier in body and movement, but no less vigorous mentally. He remained fascinated by the unlimited possibilities for aural experimentation which a sound track (such as that for *Fahrenheit 451*) provided. He seldom talked about art, often about quality. He was certainly not a Prokofiev or a Shostakovich, writing film music that had a concert-hall identity. He was a master of an electronic medium that finds its natural affinity in other electronic media, such as records and tapes.

That was the Bernard Herrmann best known to the world—the one who had the ear, literally, of millions. What about the other Bernard Herrmann and the 18,000 fans who have, unaccountably, already bought the four-disc set of *Wuthering Heights*? That remains to be determined when the opera itself is finally produced. □

Two Tchaikovsky Masterpieces

by Boris Schwarz

The recent American visit of the Bolshoi Opera did much to whet interest here in Russian opera. Of the six works presented in New York and Washington by the Moscow company, the two productions most highly acclaimed were Tchaikovsky's *Eugene Onegin* and *Pique Dame*. Both are now available in new recordings—*Onegin* in a production from England conducted by Sir Georg Solti (London), and *Pique Dame* in a production from Russia conducted by Mark Ermler (Columbia/Melodiya).

To those who heard the memorable Bolshoi performance of *Pique Dame* at the Metropolitan Opera or the Kennedy Center, the new Columbia release will be particularly welcome, for it presents many of the same artists: Vladimir Atlantov as Herman, Tamara Milashkina as Lisa, Galina Borisova as Pauline, Andrei Sokolov as Chekalinsky, and Nina Grigorievna as the Governess. In addition, the recording features Valentina Levko as the Countess, and two outstanding baritones—Vladimir Valaitis and Andrei Fedoseyev—as Tomsky and Yeletsky.

The spotlight is on Atlantov, a tenor who joined the Bolshoi in 1968 after winning the Tchaikovsky Competition two years earlier. He has a ringing voice of exciting timbre though as yet with little subtlety or dynamic shading; even while dying he sings *con forza*. His fiery concept of Herman, the half-mad lover and gambler, leads him into attacking his high notes almost recklessly, and the result is occasional strain, but his blazing vitality overshadows the passing flaws. Tamara Milashkina has beautiful moments, particularly in meditative passages. In passionate outbursts her voice tends to wobble, and intonation suffers. Occasionally she sings with an almost white voice, producing an interesting contrast. Galina Borisova as Pauline is superb, a contralto endowed with a voice of uncommon range and color. Valentina Levko's interpretation of the Countess is impressive though not free of mannerisms, especially in the "Grétry" aria. Andrei Fedoseyev sings Yeletsky with a smooth yet sumptuous baritone, and Andrei Sokolov as Chekalinsky is excellent. The conductor, Mark Ermler, shapes the colorful score with a firm hand, bringing out the excitement, mystery, and moodiness implicit in the music. The orchestra plays with crispness and fire, if with sometimes shaky intonation from the woodwinds. The sound is brilliant and well engineered.

The new Columbia/Melodiya release

Atlantov and Milashkina in Pique Dame*—"Blazing vitality."*
MIRA. Courtesy of Hurok Concerts

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is presented on three discs, in contrast with the older Melodiya/Angel recording, which occupies four discs. However, the lower price is not the only reason for preferring the new release: as leading tenor, Atlantov is far more exciting than the placid Andzhaparidzye, and Ermler's direction is more taut and forceful than that of Boris Khaikin. Six of the singers appear on both recordings, including Milashkina and Levko.

Tchaikovsky composed *Pique Dame* in 1890, at the height of his career. Two years earlier he had completed his Fifth Symphony, and there is an unmistakable affinity between the symphony and the opera. The opening of *Pique Dame*, in fact, is virtually a quotation from the Fifth. Working at a furious pace, totally immersed in his subject, he took only 44 days to compose the music to *Pique Dame*. To those who criticized such speed, he answered, "They do not realize that to rush through my work is an essential feature of my character. . . . I only work quickly. . . . The chief thing is to love the work. I have certainly written with love." He had a hunch that he had written a masterpiece, but he did not live long enough to witness its international success: he died in 1893. No less a proponent than Gustav Mahler brought *Pique Dame* to Vienna in 1902 and to New York in 1910.

WHILE *Pique Dame* shows the hand of a mature master secure in his musical idiom, *Eugene Onegin* is the work of a young composer still in search of himself, striving for novelty, originality, and sincerity of expression. The exquisite finesse of Pushkin's "novel in verse" found its perfect musical realization in Tchaikovsky's delicately wrought score. There was hardly any need for a librettist: Pushkin's poetry could be set directly to music, and this is how Tchaikovsky began—by composing the incomparable "Letter Scene," which became the centerpiece of the opera.

In *Onegin* we deal not with a "libretto" but with a literary masterpiece suffused by music of comparable genius. Russian to the core, it is virtually untranslatable. Thus, Covent Garden made the right decision in preparing a production in the original Russian, with the non-Russian cast making a heroic attempt at idiomatic enunciation. The singers succeed best in the arias; the conversational sections occasionally sound stilted and lack the easygoing naturalness that singers "born" to the language can convey. But these linguistic flaws—detectable only by a Russian ear—do not significantly detract from the over-all success of this recording.

Onegin is really Tatyana's opera, and Teresa Kubiak gives an affecting portrayal of the heroine who has become the embodiment of Russian womanhood. From the meditative beginning to the impassioned denouement, Miss Kubiak handles the immense demands of the role with unfailing vocal beauty. Bernd Weikl as Onegin is somewhat less convincing. His smooth high baritone sounds lovely in sustained passages (he volunteers a high "F" at the end of his Act 1 aria, vocally beautiful but musically reprehensible), but in faster, more agitated passages his voice becomes dry and a bit inflexible. As Lenski, Stuart Burrows captures to perfection the youthful lyricism of the doomed poet, and shapes his aria in Act 2 with rare sensitivity and vocal beauty. Julia Hamari as Olga is appropriately flippant, while the motherly roles of Madame Larina and the Nurse are handled expertly by Anna Reynolds and Enid Hartle. Nicolai Ghiaurov, in splendidly sonorous form, is outstanding as Prince Gremin. The ensembles are well blended and accurate (particularly the two difficult vocal quartets in Act 1), and the spirited singing of the John Alldis Choir is also most impressive.

The real star of this production, however, is Sir Georg Solti. Perhaps it takes a non-Russian to wipe off the century-old patina of so-called tradition overlaying most interpretations of *Onegin*. Solti rethinks and re-creates the score, which emerges here in all its pristine beauty. There is animation without hurry, warmth without sentimentality, and a continuous musical flow that unifies each act. From the very beginning of the Prelude (*Andante con moto*), Solti stresses the *con moto*, avoiding the sweetish drag and the fragmentation that afflicts most Tchaikovsky interpretations. Solti's shaping of the *Onegin* score is a revelation, and the orchestra of the Royal Opera House gives him splendid support. However, for those who cherish the idiomatic sound of Russian voices, the Bolshoi Opera production on Melodiya/Angel, with Vishnevskaya, Mazurok, and Atlantov under the baton of Rostropovich, has unique attractions. □

Boris Schwarz is professor of music at Queens College, New York, and author of Music and Musical Life in Soviet Russia, 1917 to 1970.

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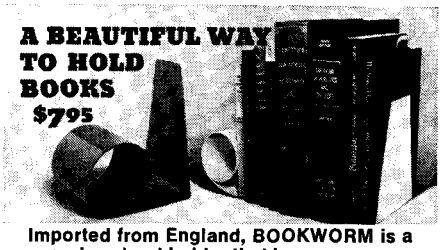

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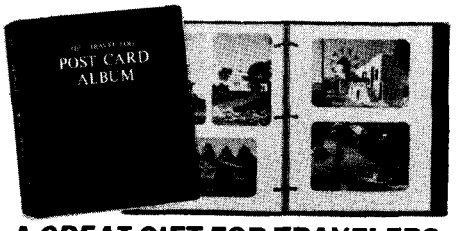

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Power Ploys

by Ivan Berger

When I first got into hi-fi, nearly 20 years ago, everyone knew that "you needed a minimum of 10 watts of amplifier power for good high fidelity." And so I swapped my table radio, with the serviceman-installed phono input (1 watt of power, if I was very lucky), for a fashionable 10-watt amplifier. After that came a 25-watter, then my first stereo amplifier (35 watts in each of its two channels), then a 60-watt-per-channel amplifier. Today I have one with two 200-watt channels. At each step of the way, I've been perfectly in fashion. But what else, if anything, have I gained from my power hunger?

What I've gained at each step was clearer sound—but I've made smaller gains with each succeeding step. What I have *not* gained is either a much louder sound or a much higher electric bill.

The reason the sound is not much louder is that I don't choose to have it so. A volume of 95 dB is about as much as I can stand for any length of time at home—and in my room, with my speakers, that takes only about 100 watts of power per channel. That's a little louder than it used to be with my old 60-watt-per-channel amplifier (which I measured as averaging 50 watts for the loudest music I could pleasurably stand)—but not much (to our ears, doubled power sounds like only a slight increase in volume; it takes 10 times the power for a sound to seem twice as loud). What matters is that my new amplifier sounds better at all volumes than my older one did.

Why? The answer lies in the structure not of the amplifiers but of music itself. Music never stands still; a sound level of 95 dB (or a more comfortable 85 dB, which for me requires a mere 10 watts of power) is an average taken over perhaps a one-second interval during a loud passage. My sound-level meter ignores the notes that scurry by below that level and the brief peaks that flare up well above it.

It's the peaks that cause the problems. As they fly by, they may call for 10 or 20 dB more power than normal—which translates into a tenfold or hundredfold increase in power. An amplifier that can't handle those peaks will distort them. Yet our listening experience seems to deny this. We've all heard perfectly pleasurable systems with amplifiers of 25 watts or less playing quite vigorously without sounding distorted. That's because they're not distorting—most of the time. Only brief, instantaneous peaks are distorted, and these distortions flash by. The great bulk of the music is well within the range the amplifier can handle comfortably.

We cannot *hear* these brief, distorted peaks, but we can *sense* them. When we sense enough of them, our ears don't cry distortion, they cry fatigue—and beg off listening for the night. More powerful amplifiers, though they still distort some peaks, do it less severely and less often. As a result, we listen longer and more happily.

We pay for it, of course—but not that much in electricity. Though my 400-watt amplifier (two 200-watt channels) *can* draw as much as 1,320 watts of power, that would only occur at moments of maximum power output. On the average, it's probably drawing about 180 watts, only about half again what my older, 120-watt amplifier drew.

Future amplifier trends point the way to high-power amplifiers of either higher or lower power consumption, depending on which trend you follow. The "Class A" and "V-FET" amplifiers now appearing from Yamaha, Sony, and Stax (with more to follow) draw more from the power line per watt of audio output. The new "Class D" switching amplifier from Infinity draws significantly less.

Initial cost is more significant. My 400-watt amplifier lists at $565 (not high, as such amps go), and requires a preamplifier to become a complete amplifying system. My 120-watt amp, which also required a preamplifier, was $225. And amp/preamp combinations of about that power run around $350 (400-watt amp/preamp combinations don't exist). There is a benefit. It's real, it's small, and it's expensive. Worth it? You must poll your ears, your conscience, and your wallet before reaching your own answer. But even if the answer is no, the question should make sense. □

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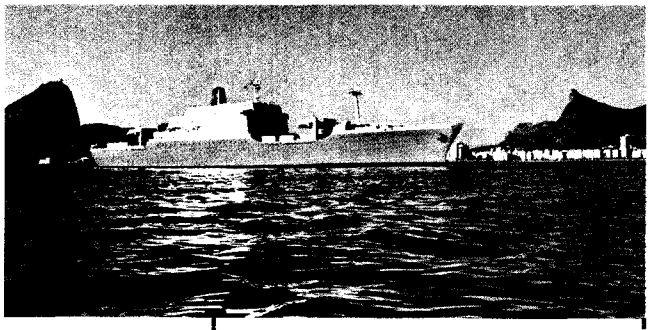

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Cointreau...the art of lingering.

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A time for not pushing it.
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deliciousness of the moment.
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from France. And today the best selling
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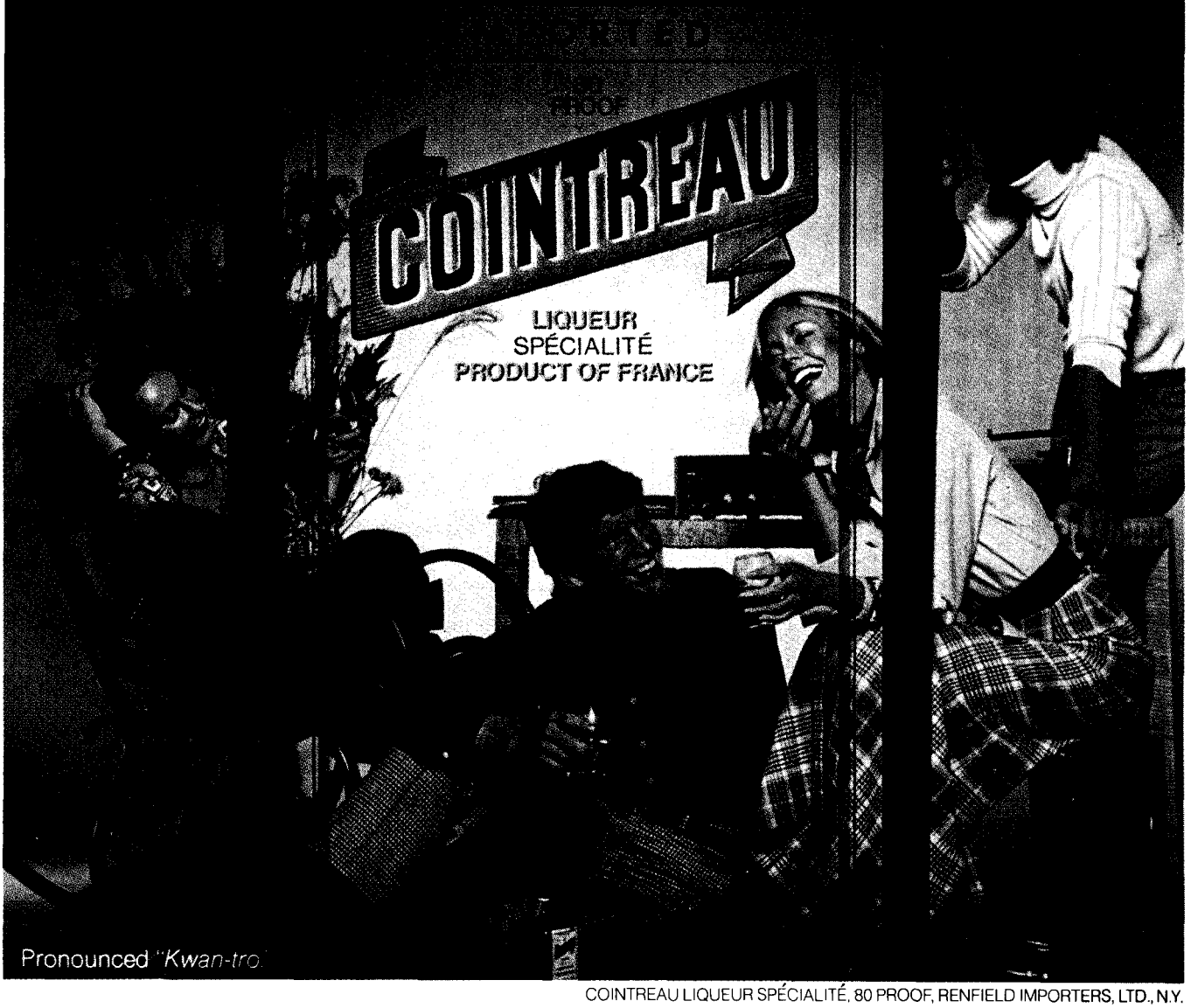
there are people who believe that the
secret of the good life may be found
in the Art of Lingering.



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Fresh Faces and First Encounters

Instrumental

Borodin: String Quartet No. 1 in A Major (Melodiya/Columbia). This seldom-heard, rarely recorded predecessor to the familiar second quartet (which includes, among other melodic moments, the source of "And This Is My Beloved" from *Kismet*) is much the same in manner, if somewhat less uncommon in matter. To Borodin—whether writing quartets, operas, or orchestral works—music was a five-letter synonym for song, and here the ideas flow on and on. Beautiful performance by the Soviet quartet bearing the composer's name.

Franck: Quintet (Connoisseur). In addition to providing an attractive alternative to the only other version now available of this work (by the Heifetz-led quartet and pianist Leonard Pennario), this welcome release may help to familiarize a new public with the name of the late Samson François, who died in 1970 aged only 46. He made an impressive pianistic debut with Leonard Bernstein conducting in 1947, but was rarely heard in America thereafter. Here he shows all the flair and insight of a great chamber-music performer, in a moodily emotional performance to which the Bernede Quartet makes an energetic, unified contribution.

The Duel Between Liszt and Thalberg (Angel). In the days when partisans of pianists warmed to their favorites as loyally as followers of racqueteers Connors and Ashe do today, Franz Liszt and Sigismond Thalberg played a showdown competition in a Parisian salon (1837). Who won? That dispute is still unresolved, but there is, for me, little doubt that on this disc Thalberg, as impersonated by Raymond Lewenthal, fares better than Liszt does. The former's filigrees and fantasies (on such subject matter as Rossini's *Moses* and *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*) suit Lewenthal's racy style better than do the storm and drama of Liszt's Ballade (in B minor) and arrangement of the "Marche funèbre" from *Dom Sébastien*. As an annotator of his own disc, Lewenthal also ranks high.

Mahler: Symphony No. 2 (RCA). Leopold Stokowski gave this work its first American performance in 1920, but he has waited 55 years (and attained age 93) before recording it, with the London Symphony Orchestra. It is a qualified success, improving, from a rather slow-motion start—all the notes are there, but outlined with rather too deliberate speed—to a spacious, well-delineated finale. Brigitte Fassbaender is a rather light-voiced mezzo for "Urlicht," but Margaret Price is a soprano of quality in the last section. The wide frequency and dynamic demands of Mahler's scoring are uncommonly well-defined in the reproduction supervised by Richard Mohr.

Paganini: Sonatas for Violin and Guitar (Telefunken). Even before he was a violinist, Niccolò Paganini played the mandolin, and even after he discovered the instrument whose character he transformed, he enjoyed playing the guitar. Here, for the most part, the guitar is, in effect, playing second fiddle to an almost endless stream of melodic statements on the violin. Some of them rate higher, in design and development, than others, but there is hardly a sonata here without at least one movement that might be titled "Moonlight on the Bay of Naples" or "Music by Which to Look at Lake Como." György Terebesi has a fine grasp of the Paganini cantabile style, and Sonja Prunnbauer strums a vibrant guitar.

Strauss: Quartet for Piano and Strings (Opus 13) (Desmar). A work of the composer's 20th year (1884), this quartet shows the true Straussian spirit still encrusted in a Brahmsian shell. When it bursts through (as in the slow movement, which has some of

the surge and ardor of the even earlier song, "Zueignung") the results are altogether enjoyable. The youthful performers of the Los Angeles String Trio and pianist Irma Vallecillo are not only of the right age but of the proper temperament to do the work justice. The engineering and production of the new company (both provided by David Hancock) give it mature status in its initial release.

Waldteufel: The Skaters' Waltz (London). Conductor Douglas Gamley is a new name to me, as are those of the five waltzes joined to *Les Patineurs* and *España* on this disc. He gives to the unfamiliar *Mon Rêve*, *Toujours ou Jamais*, *The Grenadier*, *Dolores*, and *Pomone* the same courteous treatment he accords the two best of Waldteufel's many waltzes. The National Philharmonic provides pop-style sound: energetic and a little blatant.

Opera

Iphigenie in Aulis (RCA). This is less a performance of Gluck's great score of 1772 than a rendering of it as amended, altered, and transformed by Richard Wagner in 1846 for a production in Dresden. Some of the "rendering" is the fault of the cast, which, for all the familiar names—Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau (Agamemnon), Thomas Stewart (Calchas), and Anna Moffo (Iphigenie)—is vocally small-scaled and stylistically inadequate for the noble classicism of Gluck. Closest to satisfactory is Trudeliese Schmidt, who has the right impulse for Clytemnestra, but a little less than all the sound it requires. By comparison, Miss Moffo is dwarfed by a part designed for what would now be called a dramatic soprano; her simulation of a heavy voice lacks vibrance or color, especially in the German text that Wagner employed. In spite of all this (and conventional conducting by Kurt Eichhorn of the Bavarian Radio, which organized this project), the majestic music of Acts 1 and 2 is all but irresistible. Act 3 is corrupted by some Wagnerian "melodic recitatives" that look forward to *Die Walküre*. Most interesting detail: the end, with the massed cries of "Nach Troja," a preecho of the outcry (in the opposite direction) "Italie!" "Italie!" that resounds in Berlioz's *Les Troyens* of the next century.

Miscellaneous

Louis Armstrong and Earl Hines (Smithsonian). These jubilations ("A Monday Date" and "Don't Jive Me") and laments ("West End Blues" and "St. James' Infirmary") have been in existence for nearly 50 years, but they have never sounded as good as they do in these reissues in the Smithsonian Collection. Primary reason is the sonic magic practiced by the CBS personnel in charge of processing, who have managed to suppress surface noise in the old 78-rpm originals without degrading musical values. The 30 tracks contain, in addition to those mentioned above, such jazz classics as Armstrong's "Weather Bird," "Beau Koo Jack," "Muggles," and "Heah Me Talkin' to Ya?," and Hines's "I Ain't Got Nobody" and "Fifty-Seven Varieties." The presentation and annotation (by Martin Williams and J. R. Taylor) honor the proud names the two-disc issue bears.

Happy Time (Pablo/RCA). What could more fittingly flank the item above than a disc extolling the partnership of such Armstrong-Hines inheritors as trumpeter Roy Eldridge and pianist Oscar Peterson? The particular freshness of this encounter with Roy ("Little Jazz") Eldridge is that every tune has a vocal chorus for him. The gamut is from "Sweethearts on Parade" to "Let Me Off Uptown," with such choice matter as "Willow Weep for Me," "Makin' Whoopee," "On the Sunny Side of the Street" (Armstrong favorites), and "I Can't Get Started," in which trumpeter Bunny Berigan made an undying vocal, and horn, effect. Not a reissue: the recording date was June 4, 1975.

I.K.

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The Movies

by Judith Crist

Mean Cruising

Martin Scorsese has come home, back to the rotten part of the Big Apple he knows so well, with *Taxi Driver*, a completely fascinating and ultimately unsatisfying film—par for the Scorsese course.

That course first came to our attention in 1969, when Scorsese, then 25 and a New York University film-school alumnus with several prize-winning shorts to his credit, completed his first feature film, *Who's That Knocking at My Door?* It was a sincere and promising work, and, like his third feature, *Mean Streets*, in 1973 (there had been a Hollywood time-out between for him to direct *Boxcar Bertha* under Roger Corman's aegis in mini-*Bonnie and Clyde* fashion), it was derived from his own experience in and knowledge of New York's Little Italy. Both films were marked by "realism" and gritty performances—and by an ultimate fuzziness of point and purpose. Commercial success and excessive critical acclaim for *Mean Streets* led to 1974's *Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore*, a triumphant vehicle for Ellen Burstyn with her Oscar-winning portrait of a woman fighting for independence and groping for self-awareness. But it was a vehicle that finally stalled in its sudsy conclusion that, cute as it might be for a woman to try to make her own way in the world, the pot of gold at the end of her rainbow was a great big handsome ever-loving doting man to take care of her and her child.

And now there's *Taxi Driver*, to offer us a stunning study by Robert De Niro of an alienated loner working a 6 P.M.-to-6 A.M. shift as a Manhattan cabbie, and to tell us at the end of the trip—one that has soaked us in the sordid nightside of the city—that there's nothing like a bloody burst of violence and a couple of "moral" murders to cure psychosis (and a broken heart) and to settle the stomach. Scorsese is a gifted filmmaker with an extraordinary talent for working with performers and extracting the essence of a locale—and for shortchanging the audience at journey's end.

Taxi Driver, with an original screenplay by Paul Schrader, starts out as a character study of Travis Bickle, an ex-marine at 26, with "some" education acquired "here and there." Driven by sleeplessness to work as a cabbie by night, he spends his days at pornographic movies or in his room with junk food for solace. "All the animals come out at night," he confides to the diary that initially offers an outlet; the streets are a neon-glared nightmare of pimps and prostitutes and petty criminals and the sick and venal, all of whom leave their spoor for him to wipe off his cab seat at the end of his tour.

His loneliness is reflected in the night-glare; in the daytime he tries to relate to his dream girl, an "angel" he spots at the headquarters of a populist Presidential candidate. But he takes the "angel," so aptly embodied by Cybill Shepherd, to the wrong movie (he's lost track of the right ones); the Presidential candidate doesn't seem ready to "flush the whole mess here down the toilet"; a teenage prostitute he tries to rescue from her pimp is indifferent; even fellow cabbies can't communicate with him when he confesses to having "bad ideas" in his head. He turns himself into a walking arsenal, determined to stand up and, with violence, to make his declaration: "Here's a man who would not take it any more, who stood up against the scum and filth." Foiled in a great assassination attempt, he turns against the pimp, and we are subjected to one of the most revolting outbursts of blood and violence ever to splatter a non-"martial arts" movie. That Travis survives, emerges a hero, and lives at least contentedly and with cleared sinuses thereafter may well be an ironic twist to Scorsese. In the context of the film it is a fuzzy-headed, grabbed-at conclusion that smacks of last-minute lack of inspiration.

Just as in earlier films Scorsese seemed endlessly enthralled by slum streets and the lights of a seemingly eternal Festival of San Gennaro in Little Italy, so here it is traffic lights and neon signs in midtown and the dark uptown fringe-streets that fascinate him in the endless cruising of the cab. The effect is as hypnotic as De Niro's inarticulate suffering, his smoldering rage at the ugliness of living that penetrates his life, his simplistic and sincere distress at the human waste, and his blindness to his own wastefulness. It is a brilliant and heartbreaking performance. And from a fine supporting cast Scorsese draws bright vignettes—Peter Boyle as a cabbie who confides that "you become your job," Jodie Foster as the teenager with nowhere to go, Albert Brooks as a campaign worker who sees a difference between "*We* are the people" and "We *are* the people" as slogans. Harvey Keitel is smashing as the wily pimp, Shepherd is perfect as the girl insulted by a porn movie, and Scorsese himself does a fine bit as a masochistic cuckold. The city location shooting is striking in its realism, the tempo enforced by a fine last score by the late Bernard Herrmann. (See article by Irving Kolodin on page 35.) It is a pity that once again the filmmaker has lost his purpose along the way and his point by wrap-up time.

BY WRAP-UP TIME *Scent of a Woman* has sunk into sticky sentiment and hearts and flowers, but by then we have another fine performance by Vittorio Gassman to cherish. This new film by Dino Risi, who gave us Gassman's memorable portrait of a wastrel in *The Easy Life* in 1963, is

De Niro on duty—"Smoldering rage at the ugliness of living."

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the official Italian entry for this year's foreign-language-film Oscar, a shocking choice not only per se but also in the selectors' neglect of Lina Wertmüller's *Swept Away*. It also won Gassman the best-actor award at the Cannes festival last May.

Gassman's portrait of Fausto, an ex-army captain who lost his sight and his left hand in an accident during maneuvers, is the most interesting element in the film, which is based on a novel by Giovanni Arpino. Proud, cynical, given to drink and to bursts of bad temper, striking out angrily at a breath of pity or a hint of hypocrisy, Fausto plays the total macho who can—and does—smell a woman at 20 paces. He has, however, decided to have a rendezvous with destiny. The army has provided him with a young private to accompany him on a week-long trip through Genoa and Rome to Naples. It is in large part through the boy's growing awareness that we see Fausto's bluster-laden agonies, his small prides (he orders newspapers when he sits in cafés; he hands out street directions to strangers in strange cities), his heightened perceptions, his erratic generosities. There's dalliance with a prostitute in Genoa, interludes with a priest and a playgirl in Rome, and suspenseful drama in Naples—where the girl's photograph and the revolver the boy has seen in Fausto's suitcase come into play. And by the time the boy has to return to his company he has learned something about courage and a great deal about pride.

Gassman sustains his dignity even in the sentimental moments and retains a sardonic air throughout the broad comic ones. He gets proper support from lovely Agostina Belli, as a girl who has loved Fausto since childhood, and from Alessandro Momo, as the young soldier who grows through his experience. (Momo was killed in a motorcycle accident shortly after the film was finished.) And Risi has filled his backgrounds not only with beautiful scenery but with cogent character bits and atmospheric detail that provide a satiric view of the various regions of Italy. Much of this, however, is lost in the subtitled translation, and only Gassman earns distinction. □

Answer to Fraser Young *Literary Cryptogram No. 53* (see page 24): Beethoven's Fifth Symphony is the most divine noise that has ever penetrated into the ear of man.
E. M. Forster

Dance

by Walter Terry

At the Ballet: "Pas-Pourri"

It's a ballet! Or is it? You go, let us say, to see the most brilliant *premier danseur classique* of our day, Mikhail Baryshnikov. You would probably expect to see him electrify traditional ballet steps in the Spanish-flavored but oh-so-elegant *Grand Pas de Deux* from *Don Quixote*, or to watch him bring princely deportment and aristocratic gesture to *Giselle*. Instead, you might possibly find yourself seeing him in loose brown dress with derby hat in a vaudeville act. This vaudeville "turn" is the key role in Twyla Tharp's newest extension of her successful gimmick: stirring together ballet, hoofing, and her own loose-jointed freneticisms. She calls her ballet (?) *Push Comes to Shove*, it is produced by the American Ballet Theater, it is very successful and very unimportant, and perhaps it isn't what you really wanted to see Baryshnikov dance.

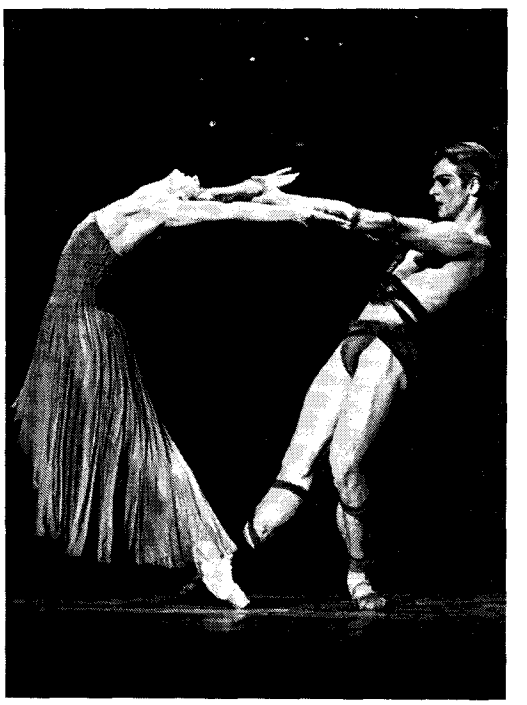
So what is a ballet? At the first stirrings of the American ballet boom, in the late Thirties and Forties, ballet and modern dance were completely separate dance events—obviously, since the modern-dance pioneers had rebelled against traditional dancing. If you wanted to see baton-twirling, hoofing, or such recreational dances as the lindy and its offshoots, you went to a variety show. Today, at the ballet, you never know.

Audiences, of course, are more sophisticated and enjoy ballet in many styles, but it was not long ago that audiences were pretty evenly divided between two camps. One group preferred what were called "white" ballets—that is, those (such as *Swan Lake* or *Les Sylphides*) in which the ladies wore traditional white powder-puff skirts of tulle, called *tutus*—while others favored the dramatic ballets, say by Antony Tudor, of contemporary cast. Emily Coleman, the critic, once referred to the former as being "tutu Tchaikovsky" for her taste. Furthermore, many major dance scholars, writers, pedants, and educators sincerely believed then that classical ballet and modern dance, each with quite different kinetic and esthetic fundamentals, could never be mixed.

Ballet and modern dance have long since been successfully wedded by such as Tudor, Agnes de Mille, Jerome Robbins, and sometimes Eliot Feld. There are good rock ballets, too, such as Gerald Arpino's *Trinity*, produced by the City Center Joffrey Ballet, and even Tharpian adventures, such as *As Time Goes By* (also for Joffrey), which are sophisticated commentaries on the act of dancing, madcap rather than madcamp.

Just as there has been an intermingling of many theatrical dance forms under the banner of ballet, there have also been performer overlappings. Many ballet artists dance not only in the "ballet moderne" (as distinct from the 300-year-old classical "ballet d'école" styles) but also in pure modern-dance works that have been transplanted to ballet repertories. All of this is challenging, healthy, stimulating, and immensely rewarding if (1) the choreography is good and (2) the dancer knows what the hell he is doing in styles alien to his basic training.

Recently, I have commented on forcefully promoted but very bad "moderne" ballets by John Neumeier and Glen Tetley, two American choreographers highly admired in Europe—where, it would seem, anything that is *un*ballet in technique must perforce be thrillingly



Martha Swope

Carla Fracci and Mikhail Baryshnikov—"New opportunities."

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avant-garde. It was something of a lesson to see works by these two contrivers of unexpected movements juxtaposed to John Butler's new *Medea*, presented here by the American Ballet Theater but originally produced by the Festival of Two Worlds (a pertinent birthing place for such a creation) in Spoleto, Italy.

There was no contriving of steps in *Medea*. Butler, long a distinguished choreographer in modern-dance and modern-ballet theaters, uses the emotional motivations of his theme to find motor-movement centers—pulmonary, respiratory, visceral—that will propel him into expressive action, be it modern or balletic. Indeed, he colors or infuses a familiar ballet step with new kinetic motivations. Thus you will see Baryshnikov (Jason)—who, in a classical *pas*, would do a *tour à la seconde* with vertical aplomb—here reaching out over the extended leg into space as if he would escape not from gravity but from himself. Here, too, just in the matter of technique, a *grand battement* is not just a high kick from "released" muscles in the hip, but, rather, a pelvic contraction that lifts the leg to a new plane of action. In the purely ballet *battement* you see *where* a leg goes, but in this Butler work you see *why*, emotionally, it must rip out from the body.

Baryshnikov is one *danseur* who senses and masters the motivational differences between modern dance and ballet. He is superb as Jason, as the wild boy in Tudor's *Shadowplay*, as the most polished of *danseurs nobles*, and—I hasten to add—as the winsome hoofer in the inconsequential Tharp piece. Carla Fracci, the epitome of the romantic ballerina—fragile, desirable, virginal, elusive—is a female Vesuvius in the title part of the Butler ballet. *Medea*, then, is a fine example of a kind of ballet that did not exist at the beginning of our present ballet renascence in America. It honors both ballet and modern dance—as well as the theater itself—and provides traditional ballet artists, such as Fracci and Baryshnikov, with new opportunities to extend their artistries.

You may not know whether Neumeier's dreadful *Hamlet Connotations* or Tetley's equally bad *Arena* or Tharp's hahahahaha *Push Comes to Shove* are ballets, but you know that *La Sylphide* and *Giselle*, *Fancy Free* and *Shadowplay* are. I'm sure you will also feel that dances such as *Medea*, which extend movement rather than contort it, belong to the world of ballet, too. □

Television

by Karl E. Meyer

The Body Electric

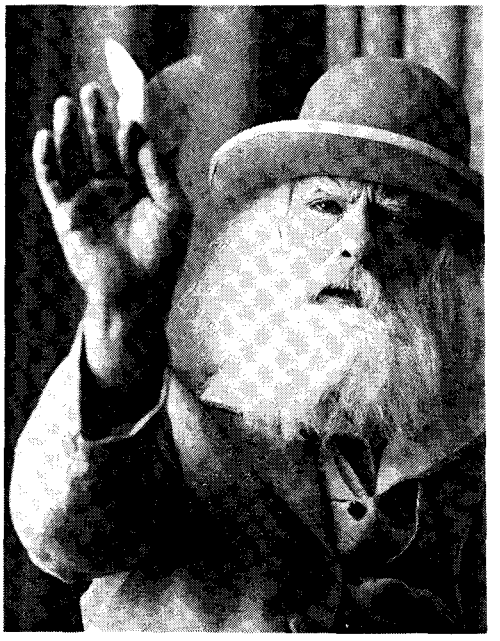
Into the thick stream of Bicentennial treacle, CBS has cast a diamond of sorts in the form of a first-rate special about Walt Whitman. Called "Song of Myself" and starring Rip Torn as the poet, the hour-long drama will be shown on Tuesday, March 9, at 10 P.M. Eastern time. In marked contrast with the wartless portrayal of Lincoln by Hal Holbrook on NBC (partly because of a weak script), Torn gives us a Whitman with all the scruffy oddity left in.

Moreover, the script by Jan Hartman nearly comes clean about Walt's homoeroticism. While in Washington during the Civil War, Whitman formed a close attachment with Peter Doyle, an 18-year-old Irish-American who had been a Confederate prisoner of war and who was a streetcar conductor when the poet met him. Though the two are never shown embracing, the essence of the friendship is, by network standards, unambiguously and maturely depicted. For this, all credit to Robert Markowitz, producer-director, and to CBS.

That a film biography of Whitman should be a modest benchmark in television's ascent to maturity is historically apt. All his life the poet contended with the rigid moralism of his contemporaries. In 1856, *The New York Times* indignantly asked: "Who is this arrogant young man who proclaims himself the Poet of the time, and who roots like a pig among a rotten garbage of licentious thoughts?" Not until 1881 would a reputable publisher touch *Leaves of Grass*, and even then, when that edition appeared, the *New York Tribune* was moved to comment: "The chief question raised by this publication is whether anybody—even a poet—ought to take off his trousers in the market-place." To the *Tribune*, the poems were "a slop bucket" and "entirely bestial."

Thanks to a half-century of struggle against censorship, these remarks seem quaint. It is now possible to describe the body electric in print. But not to depict it on the network screen—the box is the last redoubt of the American bluenose.

The ultimate perversity of television is that it is permissible to broadcast hard-core violence, at least after the children are in bed, while no comparable frankness is feasible about our sexuality. Only in America, surely, would the exposed navel of Cher Bono cause CBS program executives to gnaw their nails anxiously. Speaking personally, I far prefer flesh to gore on the network screen. I am more troubled by the pornography of violence than I am by the risk that children will discover that females actually possess mammary glands. Or even (horrors!) discover that there is such a thing as homosexual love.



Rip Torn as Walt Whitman—"All the scruffy oddity is left in."

There are a few signs of change. Norman Lear, the most successful jester on the networks, has confected a spoof of the soap operas entitled "Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman." In it, the heroine copes with a husband's impotence and with the discovery that her grandfather, in his amiable way, has been arrested for exposing himself. The networks would not touch the series, but it is being shown on independent stations without any visible evidence that the Republic is tottering. This fact alone may help make the screen safe for the body electric, AC or DC. In Whitman's words:

> I believe in the flesh and the appetites,
> Seeing, hearing, feeling, are miracles, and each part and tag of me is a miracle.

AT THIS POINT, a pertinent apology and explanation is in order, concerning my review of "Eleanor and Franklin" in the

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January 10 issue of *SR*. To anyone who saw the two-part dramatic biography on ABC, it might seem mystifying that I chided the producers for failing to include a scene in which Eleanor discovered that her husband had been having an affair with the couple's social secretary, Lucy Mercer.

Here is the reason. Along with three other television critics, I saw the program at an advance screening on December 4, and an entire episode was missing—the episode beginning with Eleanor's discovery of Lucy's letters to Franklin and culminating with a family discussion of his infidelity. The ABC press representative later told me that there was a "technical fault" and that the wrong button had been pushed on the tape machine.

Knowing television, I suspected that this was a cover story, and that in fact some network executive had censored this crucial scene. Hence I called Joseph Lash, consultant on the program, which was based on his biography of Eleanor Roosevelt. He assured me that I was mistaken in my suspicions, and that in fact there had not been any problems with ABC over the candid depiction of FDR as a fallible human. Still, it's curious that that particular wrong button was pushed.

There is a footnote. Mr. Lash told me that the network was braced for protests from viewers outraged either at the sympathetic portrayal of a controversial First Family, or at the disclosure that Mr. Roosevelt was not a plaster saint. Not a single protest was received, according to Mr. Lash. On the contrary, ABC encountered an outpouring of calls and letters praising the production—suggesting that once again the networks had underestimated the maturity of their audience. □

WIT TWISTER NO. 66
Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. Answers on page 46.

The — — — — — — — rest
from their back-breaking tasks
On beached deck planks and — —
— — — — — and snow-
flecked casks;
While — — — — — — — on
the lake uncaring pass
And leave bright — — — — —
— — on Nature's looking glass.

Contributed by Dr. Gilbert J. Plain, Ridgecrest, Calif

Music to My Ears

by Irving Kolodin

Live From Lincoln Center

The first color telecast ever in the "Live From Lincoln Center" series faced many questions about the future of the performing arts in this country, and begged few of them. The simple, most fundamental question of all was: can television cameras be brought into a hall where the New York Philharmonic (or any other orchestra) is playing, and, without disturbing a paying audience with added lighting, deliver an image acceptable to the home viewer?

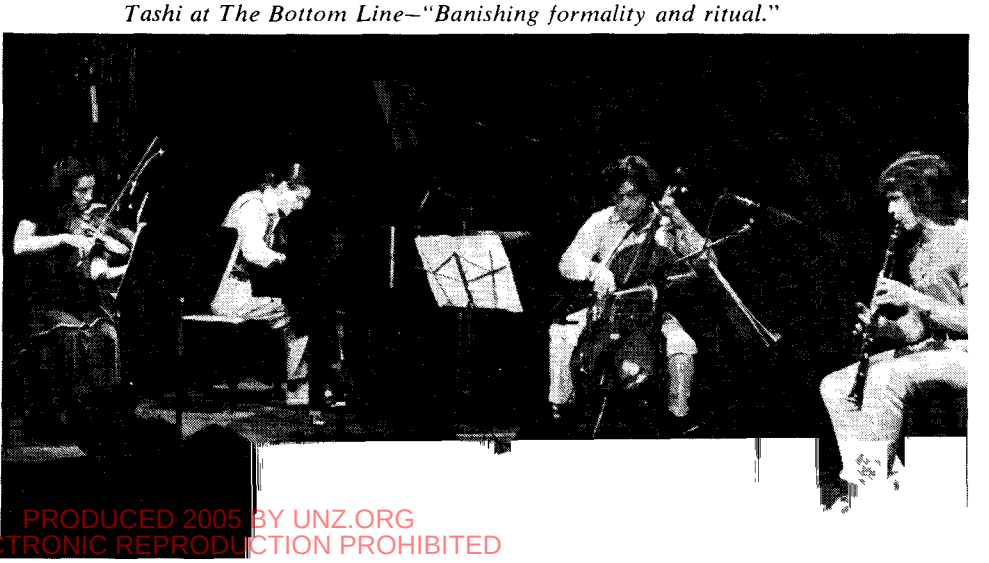
My response to this landmark concert, with Andre Previn conducting and Van Cliburn as soloist, is a more than qualified yes. The use of three Fernseh cameras with long lenses in the hall (and another in the wings) produced an image that was always sharp and well defined in closeups and middle-distance shots. Because of the deep-U shape of Avery Fisher Hall and the placement of the long-shot camera at the deepest point of the U, the view of the orchestra as a whole was considerably less good. One got the impression—from constant recourse to individuals or small groups of performers in Berlioz's *Béatrice et Bénédict*, and, of all things, in Strauss's *Ein Heldenleben*—that the total sound was the product of chamber ensembles rather than of scores of players functioning as a unit.

Where one man dominated the scene, and the screen—in Cliburn's performance as a soloist—all was right with the video world and Grieg was in his heaven. The cameras at audience left and in the wings had a love affair with Cliburn's hands, lingering over them like parched desert travelers at an oasis. Doubtless this contributed popular appeal for a product directed at the widest variety of viewers. Ninety-five percent of the network's 255 stations carried it either simultaneously or by delayed transmission, nationwide.

But if "Live From Lincoln Center" is to fulfill the promise of the great and unusual things the center's facilities house, it must aim higher. Van Cliburn has played the Grieg concerto with every major symphony orchestra in this country, and more than a few minor ones. Here it was again, and familiarly good. The Philharmonic Pension Fund concert of the following week, on the other hand, would have provided distant viewers with something few cities in the country have experienced: Sir Georg Solti conducting Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. However, planning is in progress for an extraordinary event of equal magnitude: a simulcast of the March 6 (matinee) performance of the Metropolitan's new all-star production of *Aïda*. This would shed light on two important further points: the ability of the "Live From Lincoln Center" technicians to deal with a difficult theatrical problem, and the magnitude of public response. Both have a bearing on the underwriting to produce the money urgently needed by our ailing arts organizations. Check your local TV schedules.

DURING A WEEK in which the widely known Rudolf Serkin was scheduled to celebrate the 40th anniversary of his first appearance in New York as a piano

Tashi at The Bottom Line—"Banishing formality and ritual."



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soloist with a recital in Carnegie Hall, his lesser known son Peter entertained an audience in the Village night spot called The Bottom Line. This may suggest that the younger Serkin is the black sheep of a celebrated flock, whereas he might be its white hope. A talented son of a distinguished father, Peter Serkin is simply exercising the right long indulged by his forebears (who include, on his mother's side, the celebrated violinist Adolf Busch) of going his own way artistically.

The "combo" that Peter Serkin brought into The Bottom Line for two exploratory evenings is known as Tashi (an Asiatic word meaning "good fortune"). Associated with him, as moving spirit at the piano, are Ida Kavafian, violin; Fred Sherry, cello; and Richard Stoltzman, clarinet. They are, like Serkin, mid-20ish, each a superb instrumentalist, committed to the creed of playing the best of the world's chamber music (whether by Schubert or Schoenberg) within their own resources, or with invited kindred spirits.

What they chose to play as their "set," to a gathering of about 300 crowded around tables in the large, darkened room, was Olivier Messiaen's modern masterpiece *Quatuor pour le fin du temps* (*Quartet for the End of Time*). Not unnaturally, it is scored for Tashi's four basic instruments (it is the work that brought them together a few years ago). The eight separate segments have a total playing time of 50 minutes—a demanding stint in a concert hall, an unbearably risky venture in a club. Miraculously, whether keyed by the challenge, enthralled by the imagery, the sensuality, and the scope of Messiaen's score (written while he was a prisoner of war in 1941), or magnetized by the breathtakingly beautiful performance by the ensemble, the audience was totally attentive to what it heard.

The appearance at The Bottom Line was part of Serkin's continuing campaign to banish the formality and ritual of conventional concert-giving (each of the players wears a personal choice of attire, from Stoltzman's T-shirt lettered T-A-S-H-I to Sherry's white trousers and shirt), to seek out new audiences resistant to the concert-hall mystique. This venture into the intimacy and the informality of The Bottom Line has two strong reasons for being duplicated elsewhere: surpassing artistic merit, and a musical conviction as rare as it is incorruptible. □

(**Outlook:** *continued from page 10.*)
hire additional faculty members. The salaries of head coaches, who in some states earn more than the governor, should be reduced to a point where no head coach is paid more than a full professor.

(4) Work to eliminate all recruiting of high-school athletes. It has produced horrendous cases of misrepresentation, illegal payments, and trauma for the young man involved.

The worst of the abuses is the athletic scholarship, because it is central to all the others. If members of a college team are not principally athletes, there is no need to lure them to the school by offering special treatment and platoons of coaches. They should be students to whom football or basketball is the season's major extracurricular activity.

What will happen if these changes are made? The games will go on. In fact, they may well be more like real games than the present clashes between hired, supertrained, and sometimes brutalized gladiators. Will the caliber of play suffer? Of course, but every school will be producing the same lower caliber. Given a certain proficiency, which the best of any random selection of student-athletes always possesses, the games will be as competitive and as exciting for spectators as they are today. Is a 70-yard run by a non-scholarship halfback less exciting than the same run by Bear Bryant's best pro prospect? For spectators who crave top athletic performance, it is available from a myriad of professional teams. We need not demand it of students.

Certainly, the counter-argument runs, alumni and other influential supporters would not stand for such changes. There would indeed be ill feeling among—and diminished contributions from—old grads who think of their alma mater primarily as a football team. Let them stew in their own pot of distorted values. Those legislators whose goodwill toward a state university depends on winning seasons and free tickets can stew with them. A serious institution is well rid of such "supporters." They may discover the pleasures of a game played enthusiastically by moderately skilled students who are not in effect paid performers.

Will athletic-program revenues drop? They undoubtedly will, at least for a while; not many people will pay seven dollars to see games of admittedly lower quality, nor will the TV networks pay fancy fees for the right to televise them. The fans and the networks will eventually return, because these will be the only college games available. And think of the financial savings, as the costs of the typical big-time athletic program drop by hundreds of thousands of dollars a year. If a revenue gap persists, let it be made up out of general funds. The glee club, the intramural athletic program, and innumerable other student activities do not pay for themselves. Why should intercollegiate athletics have to do so?

Supporters of big-time programs often say piously that, thanks to those programs, many young men get a college education who otherwise would have no chance for one. That is true. But there are even more young men, of academic rather than athletic promise, who deserve whatever scholarship money is available. If somebody has to pay an athlete's way to college, let it be the professional teams that need the training that college competition provides.

The president of a good Southern university once told me privately that he would like to hire outright a football team to represent his school and let the educational process proceed. George Hanford of the College Entrance Examination Board, who has made a study of intercollegiate athletics, would keep the present system but legitimize the preparation of players for professional sports. Hanford would have a college teach athletes such skills as selecting a business agent and would permit student-athletes to play now and return later to do the academic work required for a degree.

While Hanford's suggested changes would remove the mask of hypocrisy from big-time college athletic programs, they would not solve the fundamental problem: the intrusions the programs make on the legitimate functions and goals of an educational institution. For institutions with a conscience, this problem has been persistently vexing. Vanderbilt University football coach Art Guepe summed it up years ago, when he characterized Vanderbilt's dilemma as "trying to be Harvard five days a week and Alabama on Saturday."

Because of pressures from alumni and others who exalt the role of football, Vanderbilt is still attempting to resolve this dilemma; and it is still failing. Now it is time for all the Vanderbilts and all the Alabamas to try to be Harvard whenever they can and Small-Time State on Saturday. □

Answer to *Wit Twister* (see page 45): stakers, strakes, skaters, streaks.

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Politics and the Traveler

by Horace Sutton

In the time of international reconstruction that followed the peace of 1945 there was an interlude when, given the right to travel again, people believed—however naive the notion—that the intermingling of citizens might well serve the purposes of international détente. We didn't call it détente then; we used a less expensive word—understanding.

The European nations formed a cooperative association to encourage Americans to cross the Atlantic and came up with a supportive slogan, "Understanding through travel is the passport to peace." That phrase had a lofty ring, but more than that, it imparted a sense of noble purpose to those involved in the travel industry and those travelers who thought they were journeying out of curiosity, for pleasure, for reasons of self-education, or merely for a change of scene. We could wear a new sense of purpose, like a chevron, on a traveling coat. We were traveling abroad in the interest of peace, in the interest of letting people have a look at us and, meanwhile, having a look at them. In that exchange we were serving to lessen international tensions. We were the merchants of peace.

Something has gone out of those sunny days. The world has spun itself into a vortex of factionalisms—between religions, between nations occupying common borders, between separatists and motherlands. Millions flow from national treasuries in the interests of promoting tourism, and one scrawl from a chief of state sends it all down the sink. Where the traveler was once a walking symbol of international understanding, he must now assay carefully the political climate, consult the meteorologists in the chancellories to see if the world out there is safe, let alone friendly.

In Morocco, which has energetically cultivated a tourist program, especially from America, and has launched a new transatlantic air service with its own airline, the king decided that he needed Spanish Sahara more than he needed travelers from abroad. A citizens' march was staged in Marrakesh, of all places, that favorite of the off-the-main-road traveler, that haunt of Winston Churchill, that home of the celebrated Hotel Mamoumia, and the most stylish Club Med station yet placed on public view. The march escalated into a small war with Algeria.

In Mexico last fall, U. S. athletes participating in the Pan American games found themselves booed and jeered. U. S. diplomats in Mexico have said that antagonism toward America has been spurred by no less a personage than Mexican President Luis Echeverría Alvarez. In an interview with newspaperman Edward Cowan of *The New York Times,* the president said, "I do admit there may be a background of a historical nature. During an unfair war we lost half of our territory to the United States."

The inequitable arrangement, which took place 128 years ago, has been the subject of speeches by President Echeverría which, many observers say, have been a principal cause for the growing antagonism. Mr. Echeverría put it the other way around: "My speeches have emerged from a general feeling from which I take my thoughts. We belong to the Third World. We are defending our economy. We are struggling to survive. We would like to be friends, not servants. We have to be nationalistic, or we shall perish."

There followed a brief presidential disclaimer. The president was quick to assure potential American travelers, who spend $2.24 billion south of the border every year, that there would be no noticeable unfriendly attitude. But sensitive North Americans might take exception to the distinction between the treatment accorded dollar-bearing American tourists and that handed out to young American athletes. Even the sporting fields have become political forums, even bloody ones.

The rending struggle in Northern Ireland has not only closed Ulster; it has taken the edge off the leprechaunish charm of Ireland itself. The spreading of the terror that has resulted in the loss of 1,400 lives in Northern Ireland has spread now to London, where pointless attacks on public places, particularly first-floor restaurants that open to the street, have created safeguards unheard of even in wartime. A recent traveler to London reports that security guards posted at the entrance to some of the city's leading hotels search women's handbags before they enter the lobby. Steel grills have appeared over the windows of restaurants. Patrons in fashionable salons are paying attention to where they sit, preferring seats in the rear, behind pillars, and on balconies, areas once considered tantamount to Siberian oblivion.

Recently, a standby airline passenger bound for New York was not permitted to be separated from his baggage until he was actually ticketed and checked in. There was no place in the airport that would accept baggage on a temporary basis, that is, no checkroom and no friendly shopkeeper or airline clerk. Once ticketed, he was subjected to physical search.

The ending of the Salazar years in Portugal and the move toward a liberal society has left in tatters the touristland that was once the leading source of foreign income among all Portuguese industries. Even as the country seems to edge away from a hard leftist line that had it teetering toward outright communism, there are still few takers for Lisbon's handsome hotels or even for the highly developed littoral of the Algarve. Lisbon's attractive Sheraton, so artfully finished with native handicraft, and the Ritz, which opened a decade and a half ago in a dazzle of opulence, have both become refugee centers for the homeless of Portugal's former colonies in Mozambique and Angola.

Of all the Portuguese pleasurelands,

Sausages sizzle at an Argentine barbecue—"Get there while it lasts!"
H.S.

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only Madeira seems to survive, possibly because it is removed from the mainland both geographically and politically, and because it can be reached directly from London without the necessity of passing through Lisbon. Here the flowers still bloom in profusion, Reid's remains a citadel of British refinement—one dresses for dinner—the wine is as adroitly produced as the lace, and the hinterlands of the island are, at every turning, a picture postcard of storybook houses and neat gardens.

The Azores, which have risen in outright rejection of the Lisbon politics, and which offer an almost unexplored string of islands, have become a landing field for planes carrying Cuban soldiers on their way, ironically as it happens, to fight in Angola. That solitary fact may not dampen the zeal of the adventurous, but it does cast a shadow on the politically sensitive.

Lifting the lid off the cauldron in Portugal was viewed in Spain with considerable interest and some foreboding. The death of Franco and the resumption of the monarchy have produced a succession of strikes—the subway workers, followed by the postal workers, then the

railroad workers. The national labor force, white collar and blue, chafes against the binds that restrict freedom of speech, the right to argue for higher wages, to say nothing of the right to assembly without prior permission. In this state of national unease the separatist movement of the Basques, punctuated as it was by terrorist bombings, has been obscured. In the face of this unrest can the traveler find peace on the Costa del Sol? Well, perhaps, if the Spanish Parliament, as is now indicated, becomes more representative than it has been. That and the prospect of elections next year may relieve some of the pressure.

Only last spring Beirut was a city of immense fascination. The bazaars were a swirl of turbans and types, a potpourri of exotic smells and strange foods. The refugee camps were a standing monument to the unresolved problems in the Middle East, but the city also held pockets of elegance where, in private homes, cocktails on a sun-filled terrace might precede a luncheon served by white-gloved waiters. The hotels soared higher and higher by the sea's edge. The new 461-room Holiday Inn was open, panting for the oil sheikhs, the Western businessmen, and bankers who were overflowing the other hotels. The Phoenicia Intercontinental, American operated, jammed with tour groups, business travelers, and local weddings, was obliged to tack on an addition. The Saint-Georges, small, snug, and fashionable, was as good as any hotel in Western Europe and better than most in America.

An imaginative Lebanese tourist plan had created a program that brought visiting travelers into local homes. Understanding through travel, and all that. Harma Street, just 10 years old and lined with cafés, movie theaters, and boutiques, was, for a fleeting decade, anyway, a strand of civilization. Going to Baalbek was a trip to see a world's wonder, and visiting the seaside hideaways made a visitor wish for time to lose a weekend in some all-but-forgotten place before returning to a world that was real and whirling.

And now. And now the religio-civil war, in its 10th month, is held together by a fragile peace manufactured in Syria. The seaside hotels of the international quarter, turned into fortresses, were left a shambles. The Holiday Inn was shelled into submission in its youth, the Saint-Georges, paneling, carpeting, wall hangings, and warm corners, is a wreck. Who can talk of traveling to Baalbek when it has been life's risk to cross town? Warlords and private armies rule the streets. Geopoliticians recount past massacres and wonder now if the nation can survive at all, even with the peace imposed by Syrian mediation.

A few springs ago one could fly in 20 minutes, as I did then, to Cyprus, an island that was a traveler's heaven. In what other world's corner could one find broad stretches of beach; shining new hotels; trig little harbors; ruins of the Greeks, the Romans, and the Crusaders; retrieved ribs of ships sunk 2,000 years ago; Venetian forts; Shakespearean vestiges; a Greek kitchen; grapes in profusion that yielded respectable wine? Who could wonder that the British bought homes there, that British pensioners clogged the hotels, that British Airways ran direct service from London? And then came the artless move of the artless Greek junta, the hasty, forced departure of Makarios, the installation of the insufferable Nikos Sampson, the Turkish countermove, the double Turkish invasion, the inertia of the U. S. State Department, the intransigence of the Turks, the frustrated ire of the Greeks, the murder of the U. S. ambassador to Nicosia, the embargo of arms to Turkey imposed by the U. S. Congress, the Turkish response that closed U. S. bases, the Turkish move toward Moscow, from which it had once sought protection, the increasing bitterness of the Greeks that threatened Greek continuance in NATO, and resulted, most recently, in the assassination of the CIA station chief in Athens.

In that hopeless knot that no mediator seems able to untie, what understanding between peoples can a traveler ever hope to accomplish? The beaches, the sunny little harbor dotted with sailboats, the ruins of some other millennium, will have to wait for another generation that might admire them in some time of peace. Right now there are the uprooted, the homeless, the financially ruined, the dispossessed to be put to rights. They would seem to have little chance for restoration in their lifetimes.

If the nations, united and in assembly in New York, could accomplish little, what chance then for an understanding through the concourse of plain peoples? The United Nations has been used as a propagandist's soapbox. The vote that equated Zionism with racism echoed not only in the chancellories. There were the retributive boycotts that followed. Mexico, which leans heavily on foreign dollars brought by travelers, found itself faced with wholesale cancellations—well over 100,000 visitor nights were cancelled in Acapulco alone. The loss of trade pinched hard enough for President Echeverría to send his foreign minister to Jerusalem, and for him to meet personally with Jewish delegations from North America. A political reversal has brought a lifting of the boycott, but latent vexations smolder on both sides, and many travelers remain disaffected.

Brazil, which had just spent an estimated $4.5 million entertaining the 5,500 delegates to the convention of the American Society of Travel Agents, the commencement of a massive effort to create tourism in a promising land, found itself faced with 2,000 cancellations, half of them in two hotels that had been booked by Americans. Its foreign policy dictated that it vote aye to the Zionism-racism vote. Nations like Yugoslavia, Indonesia, and India, which earn heavily

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from the foreign traveler, and others like Iran, Morocco, Sri Lanka, and Tunisia, which have been trying to generate a tourist program, could only wait to see the effects of a decision that might prove more short-sighted than long-gaining.

The Argentine charade is long-playing. Just before Christmas the right-wing faction of the air force staged an uprising at an air base. Loyalist pilots were ordered to bomb the rebels, which they did, but not before the attacking pilots had asked for a safe place to bomb without destroying property or endangering lives. They were shunted to bomb a little-used runway and shoot up an elderly plane that had been rolled out and filled with gasoline to put on a good show.

Isabel Perón, as Madame President, holds on, buoyed by the Peronista labor leaders who will sink with her if she goes. Eventually, the military will take over and come to office in the Brazilian fashion, with selected civilians technically experienced to operate a government. Until then the mad financial straits of Argentina have had a marked effect on travelers.

One correspondent in California, on a bus trip through Argentina last spring, reports having been harassed by police and militia, subjected to baggage searches, passport inspections, and fingerprinting. That was in small towns. Travelers to Buenos Aires come back with other reports: no outward signs of political unrest, marvelous meals at incredibly low prices ($5 per person, drinks, wine, and tip included at the best restaurants), local versions of French handbags that start at $10, $50 for a purse that costs $150 in the States, and $200 for crocodile and alligator, unobtainable here, and $500 in Paris. The bonanza is not lost on neighboring South Americans. Brazilians are enjoying the summer in this hemisphere, buying $11 hand-made calfskin shoes. Europeans and North Americans shop for nutria and Patagonia fox fur coats at $200 to $400 ($1,000 to $2,000 in Europe and North America). There has been a two-week wait for airline seats to Argentina from Venezuela, Peru, and Brazil. So many Chileans crossed the border that the citizens of Mendoza on the Argentine side rented their cars as sleeping quarters.

Travel agencies in Brazil advertise "Don't Wait! Get to Argentina While It Lasts!"

Unsettled political climates, on rare occasion, serve the traveler's interests, too. □

Manner of Speaking

by John Ciardi

Ghetto Revisited

Some columns back I reported that no English dictionary had established a firm etymology for "ghetto." I proceeded, thereupon, to assert that it derived from Italian *borghetto*, which originally meant a small settlement outside the walls of a city-state, and which later, when the growing cities jumped their walls and engulfed those outlying communities, came to mean a quarter or a neighborhood of the enlarged city.

I was wrong on both counts and have since collected a fat file of letters from *SR* readers who, properly, called me to account. Error corrected is as good a road as any to the truth. Prodded by those letters to dig deeper, I think I can now establish the etymology beyond question.

Let me say for my own earlier tentatives that I did consider the derivation from Italian *geto*, foundry; from Italian *gettare*, to throw, to cast; from Latin *jactare*, to throw. The first European ghetto was established in Venice in 1516 on the island where stood the Venetian military foundry.

I dismissed that derivation as unlikely on the grounds that Italian is unlikely to change from the soft *g* of *geto* to the *g* of *ghetto*. I was reckoning without Venetian dialect, a form of Italian I have never been able to penetrate.

One of my letter writers informs me that the Venetian pronunciation is *zetto*. I can find nothing in writing that asserts such a pronunciation. I do find, however, that Angelo Prati, in his *Vocabolario Etimologico Italiano* (Garzanti, Milano, 1970), gives plentiful evidence in support of the hard-*g* pronunciation, pointing out that the foundry island was called "il Ghetto" (though perhaps at a later date), that Venetian dialect regularly pronounced *geto* with a hard *g*, and that the hard-*g geto* changed to *gheto* under the influence of standard Italian spelling, and then to *ghetto* under the influence of the diminutive suffix *-etto*. He also notes by way of corroboration that Pius IV in rendering the word into church Latin in 1562 used not the classical *jactus* but the impure form *ghectum*, in which he would seem to be working backward from Italian to his own late Latin.

Prati's account of Venetian dialect disposes of my objection on the grounds of the *j*-to-*gh* shift, and I submit accordingly that the derivation from *geto* becomes practically self-evident, despite many attempts to derive the word from other sources.

Rabbi Judea B. Miller of Rochester, N.Y., writes me to argue the derivation from Hebrew *ghet*, a writ of divorce, *ghittin*, a divorce proceeding.

The *Enciclopedia Italiana* (1938) dismisses this derivation as "fantastic" along with other suggested derivations from Greek *geiton*, neighborhood, environs; German *Gehecker*, a walled-in place; Gothic *gatvo*, a road; and Italian *borghetto*. Rabbi Miller, however, may yet have a point to make.

Not all Venetian Jews were forced to live in the ghetto. Levantine Jews (the other end, so to speak, of the Venetian trade routes) were allowed special standing. Those who did live in the ghetto, however, were a small language group within a larger one. The consequence of such an enclosure is usually some form of patois.

The ghetto inhabitants would know the Italian word for their neighborhood, as they would know the Hebrew *ghet*. They could hardly avoid knowing that they were set apart (divorced) from the surrounding community. It would be simple and natural for them to meld *ghet* and *ghetto* into a word they understood to mean "the place of [our] divorcement."

A patois is capable of far wilder leaps than this one. The still-surviving Italian-American patois for "toilet" is "baccauso." How hard need one look to see its origin in old-fashioned American "back house"?

Yet the *Italian Encyclopedia* also has its point in dismissing *ghet*, for such an etymology would be relevant not to the main language but only to the patois.

Corn Dodger

To E. C., Macon: The Southern usage of *corn dodger* for *corn cake* is a survival of north British dialect *dodge*, a lump, *dodgel*, a large lump. Now can anyone tell me how *dodger* came to be the standard 19th-century American printer's word for "handbill, circular, throwaway, advertising handout?" □

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Light Refractions

by Thomas H. Middleton

How to Bring Down a Runner Without Laying a Hand on Him

While watching this year's Rose Bowl game on television, I was reminded of an anecdote that, on the surface, had absolutely nothing to do with what was on the tube.

Last year I met a fine actor named Lew Brown, and our conversation got around to colorful figures of speech. Lew asked me if I knew Strother Martin. I said that I didn't, personally, but I admired his acting. Strother Martin, as you probably know, makes a specialty of playing Southern "cracker" types, as in his portrayal of the prison warden in *Cool Hand Luke* who kept telling Paul Newman, "What we have heah is a failiah to communicate."

Lew Brown told me that he'd been on location in a small town in Georgia doing a film with Strother Martin. "Strother," said Lew, "was signing autographs and playing his cracker character. There were a couple of guys in overalls standing near me, and one of them nodded in Strother's direction and said, 'He's really a good ol' boy, ain't he?' The other looked at Strother for a couple of seconds and said, 'He's mebbe jes' half a bubble off o' plumb.' "

Now *that's* imagery. If you've never handled a carpenter's level, it might not make sense to you, but it's good.

The Rose Bowl game on television brought that story to mind in this roundabout way: I've written before—about three years ago—of what I called "the good-hands syndrome." A pass receiver goes downfield and, surrounded by three defensive players, leaps high in the air, snatches the ball away from what looks like a certain interception, gets flipped upside down, lands on his head, and still somehow hangs onto the ball, and the sportscaster says, "Great catch. Manglesworth has good hands."

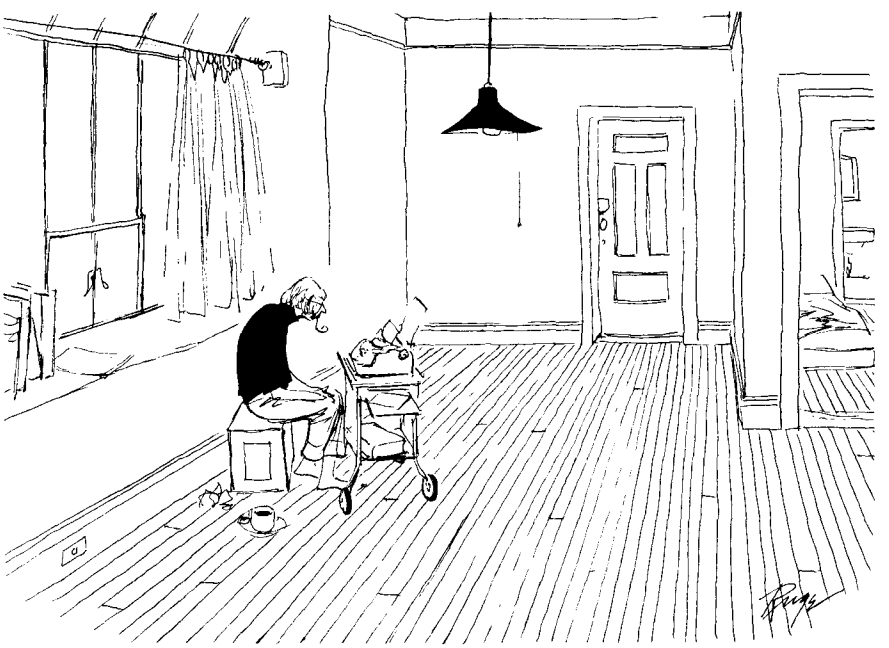
One of the announcers of the Rose Bowl game was hopelessly addicted to the good-hands syndrome and all its ramifications. Time and again on New Year's Day, the Ohio State quarterback, a fantastic young athlete named Cornelius Green, took the ball from center, went back to pass, found himself under attack by several UCLA behemoths intending to mash him to pulp, and, in a display of lightning reflexes and unbelievably shifty motions, managed to dance and dodge his way out of what looked like unavoidable disaster, and every time, the announcer said something like, "Green moving out of trouble with those great feet."

That's another characteristic of the "good-hands-good-feet" guys. They seldom use verbs, an occasional present participle being deemed sufficient. "Bohunk on the reverse, running out of bounds, stopping the clock" is about as close as they'll come to a real sentence. If the NBC announcer who kept saying, "Green moving out of trouble with those great feet" were to cover a prize fight, he might say, "Ali hitting Foreman with his fists," by way of communicating the excitement to us. During the Rose Bowl he also told us that putting a high tackle on a charging back like Archie Griffin "requires great upper-body strength." Good hands, great feet, great upper-body strength—it all sounds like weight lifter talk. The last group I want to offend is weight lifters, but the vocabulary of weight lifting has shortcomings in the description of a football game.

Listening to this heavy commentary made me think, by way of contrast, of Red Barber, who used to enliven the ball games on radio and television with his warmth and humor and, above all, his colorful phrases. Barber, of course, was an intelligent, articulate sports announcer who spiced his chatter with effervescent "down-home" expressions. It was he who told us, when the Dodgers had a five-run lead and Bobo Newsome had two outs, two strikes, and no balls on the opposing team, that "Bobo's sittin' in the catbird seat." And when there was a flurry of high-pitched action on the field, they were "really tearin' up the pea patch." An argument was a "rhubarb." All these phrases have become more or less a part of the language. As far as I know, Barber brought them along from his Southern home town and introduced them to an audience of delighted sports fans. Thinking of that colorful idiom of his led to my remembering "half a bubble off o' plumb."

There's something static about the style of the "good hands" school. A year or so ago, I heard one of them say of a running back, "He possesses great acceleration." I jotted that one down right away. It seems to me to be the ultimate in dead things to say about a lively runner. "Possesses" is a preposterous word in that context, and "great acceleration," applied to anything but a machine, is pompous claptrap. "He can fake you out of your shoes with a sudden burst of speed" may be an old cliché, but it lives. "Upper-body strength" and "great acceleration" just lie there.

Talk about inept phraseology—they're so far off o' plumb you can't even *see* the bubble. □



"Chapter one, page one . . ."

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Double-Crostic No. 93

by Thomas H. Middleton

1 S	2 K	3 G	4 Q	5 H		6 N	7 Q	8 A	9 R	10 G		11 D	12 R	13 E	14 O	15 I	16 V
17 J	18 Q		19 K	20 H	21 L	22 A	23 C	24 T	25 F		26 E	27 V	28 I		29 Q	30 J	31 M
32 I	33 O	34 B	35 F	36 S		37 K	38 D	39 W		40 L	41 B	42 O	43 H	44 Q	45 J	46 D	47 G
48 T		49 N	50 D	51 O	52 V	53 K	54 F		55 C	56 T	57 E		58 U	59 H	60 I		61 W
62 G	63 F		64 L	65 V	66 C	67 D	68 J	69 K	70 U	71 Q		72 J	73 W		74 Q	75 U	76 J
	77 S	78 E	79 C	80 L		81 M	82 O	83 W	84 K		85 N	86 K	87 H	88 G	89 S	90 O	91 B
92 D		93 J	94 E	95 U	96 S	97 Q	98 G	99 C	100 L	101 O		102 S	103 P		104 V	105 C	106 F
	107 T	108 R	109 A	110 K	111 D	112 N	113 S	114 Q		115 I	116 W		117 P	118 T		119 B	120 M
121 R	122 T	123 A	124 P	125 C	126 K	127 L	128 U		129 T	130 J		131 N	132 O	133 D	134 W		135 B
136 V		137 D	138 F	139 O	—	140 G	141 P	142 V	143 H	144 Q	145 C		146 A	147 U		148 R	149 F
150 L		151 W	152 E	153 C		154 T	155 M	156 C	157 N	158 H	159 J		160 G	161 W	162 L	163 J	164 O
165 F		166 G	167 T		168 H	169 L	170 T	171 R		172 A	173 K	174 N	175 U		176 S	177 P	
178 E	179 W		180 C	181 U	182 I	183 R	184 L	185 O		186 V	187 U	188 P	189 G	190 B		191 K	192 E
193 J	194 I	195 V	196 H	197 D	198 B	199 A	200 G										

INSTRUCTIONS

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a very few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle.

Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess, and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

CLUES	WORDS
A. Moving force	8 22 109 123 146 172 199
B. Comedy by Ben Jonson	34 41 91 119 135 190 198
C. Region, former province, in northern Spain (2 wds.)	23 105 156 180 55 66 79 99 145 153
D. Holy terror; big blow	11 46 133 137 197 38 50 67 92 111
E. U. S. mathematician, astronomer, and navigator (1773–1838)	178 192 26 57 78 94 13 152
F Unceasingly active	25 35 54 63 106 138 149 165
G. Show	166 200 3 10 47 98 140 160 189 62 88
H. U. S. writer and illustrator (1892–1942; *Smoky*; full name)	168 196 5 20 43 59 87 143 158
I Ensconces snugly	15 32 60 115 182 194 28
J. Finished (3 wds.)	72 163 17 68 193 30 45 76 93 130 159
K. Mudskipper or climbing perch, for instance (2 wds.)	69 86 191 53 110 2 19 37 126 173 84
L. Shute novel (3 wds.)	100 127 162 169 184 64 150 21 40 88
M. Name under which T. E. Lawrence enlisted in the RAF	120 155 31 81
N. Anxiety, uneasiness	85 112 125 6 131 157 174 49
O. Quantity whose variation over a period of time measures the change in a phenomenon (2 wds.)	51 101 185 14 139 42 82 132 90 164 33
P. Nothing doing (2 wds.)	103 117 124 177 188 141
Q. Grayish, unspotted wildcat ranging from Paraguay to Texas	18 97 114 44 144 29 7 74 71 4
R. Merchants or agencies selling one's goods	121 148 171 183 12 9 108
S. Improper	1 113 176 102 77 89 96 36
T. Tatterdemalion	118 107 48 170 154 24 122 167 129 56
U. Agalloch	70 181 128 187 95 58 75 147 175
V. Shaw play (2 wds. after *The*)	27 142 186 195 65 52 104 136 16
W. "Virtue is like a ——— best plain set" (2 wds.; Bacon, "Of Beauty")	39 161 83 134 73 151 116 61 179

Answer to *Double-Crostic No. 92* appears on page 35.

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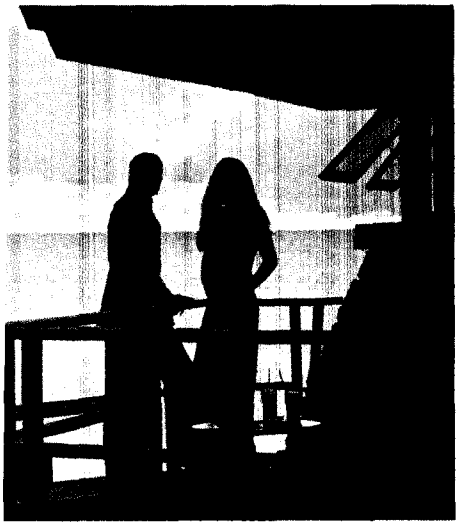
The resort on the island everyone's talking about.



Mullet Bay

Beach Resort

ST. MAARTEN, NETHERLANDS ANTILLES

Half-French, half-Dutch, St. Maarten has ideal weather year 'round. And Mullet Bay has everything: great tennis, beach, golf, and talked about cuisine. For rates, reservations, call Resort Representation, Inc. (212) 541-5890. Or see your travel agent.

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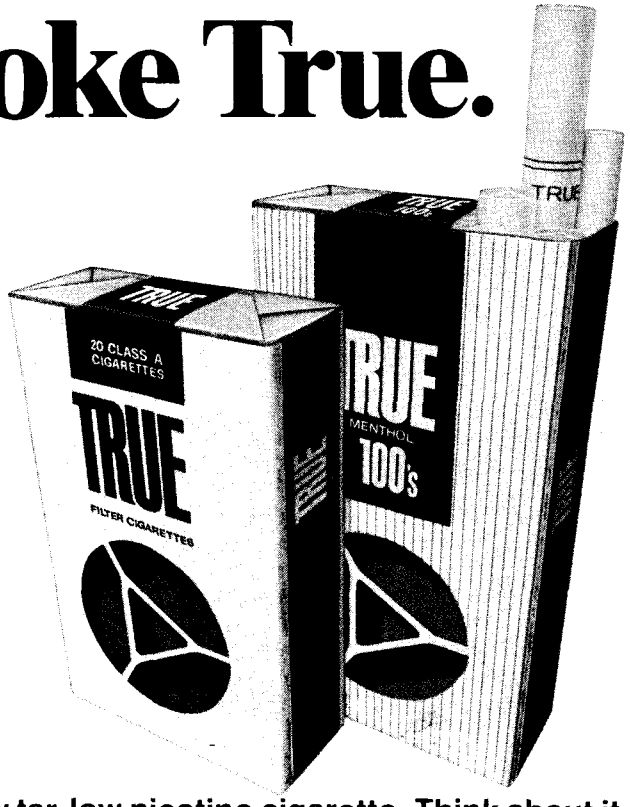
All the fuss about smoking got me thinking I'd either quit or smoke True.

I smoke True.



King Regular: 11 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine; 100's Menthol: 13 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov '75.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

The low tar, low nicotine cigarette. Think about it.

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